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Chaucer.



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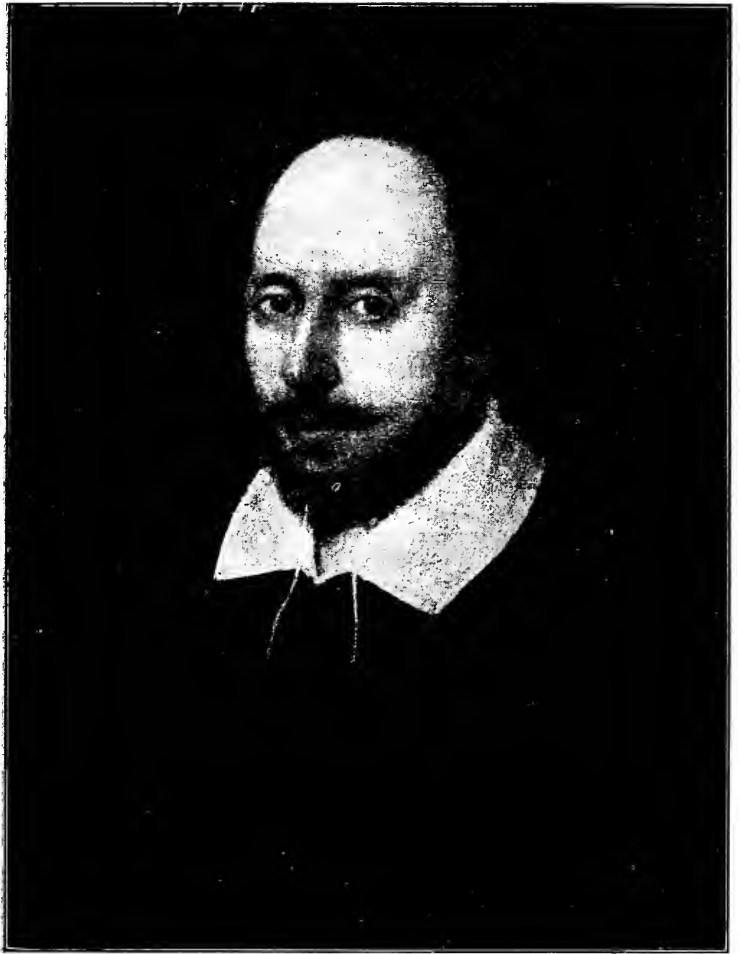
GENERAL EDITOR

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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN YALE UNIVERSITY







William Shakespeare
The Chandos portrait

Shakespeare, William

SHAKESPEARE'S AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY
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1911

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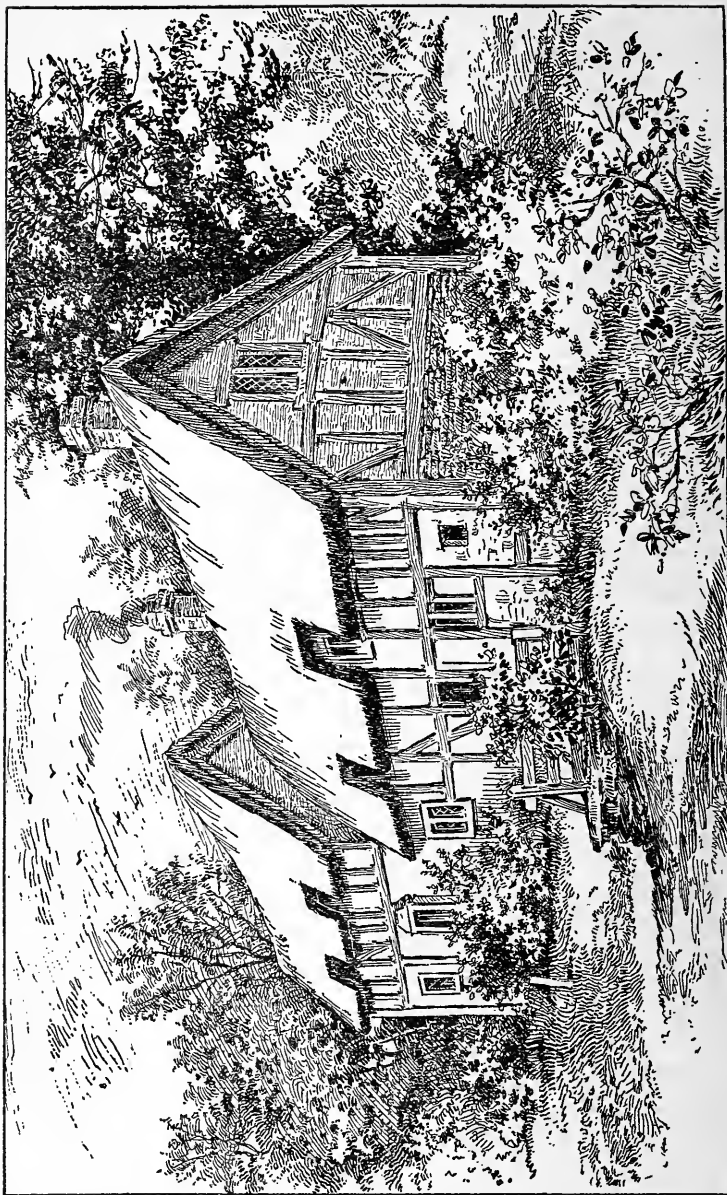
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Anne Hathaway's Cottage, 1827

INTRODUCTION

I

SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND WORKS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born on April 22 or 23, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, a charming market-town in Warwickshire, one of the loveliest of English counties. His father was a small farmer from a neighboring village, who succeeded in establishing himself in Stratford as a dealer in various kinds of agricultural produce, became an alderman, and held various municipal offices. William Shakespeare doubtless attended Stratford Grammar School, and there acquired the "small Latin and less Greek" his friend Ben Jonson later credited him with; in after life, he appears to have acquired a reading knowledge of French and perhaps of Italian. But he left school at an early age, his father being by this time involved in business difficulties, and the outlook was not improved by Shakespeare's marriage at eighteen to Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself. Two or three years later, according to tradition, he was concerned in a deerstealing adventure, which compelled him to leave Stratford, but at twenty-one Shake-

speare found himself with a wife and three children to provide for, and his father was at the lowest ebb of his fortunes; in 1586-7 writs were issued against John Shakespeare, he was deprived of his aldermanship, and he appears to have been imprisoned for debt. It seems therefore more probable that it was the needs of Shakespeare's family that drove him about this time to seek fortune in London, as many another English boy from the country has done, before and since. The first theaters had just been built, and with one of the companies of actors Shakespeare became connected in some subordinate capacity. Writing for the public stage was regarded by a little band of university wits as their prerogative, and when Shakespeare was employed by his company, not only to act plays, but to write them, he was attacked by one of the professional dramatists as an "upstart crow" who presumed to compose blank verse without the advantages of a university education. This was in 1592—the first certain date in Shakespeare's dramatic career—and the attack was at once followed by an apology from the person responsible for its publication, testifying to Shakespeare's excellence as an actor and a writer, his uprightness of character, and gentlemanly behavior.

In 1593-4 Shakespeare established his place in the literary world by the publication of the two poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, marked by sweetness of versification and luxuriance of imagery, and modeled on the style of Ovid, a Latin writer then much admired. About the same period he probably began to compose his sonnets, though they were not published till long after, and then

without his consent; they were addressed to private persons and circulated in manuscript, in accordance with the fashion of the time. The publishing trade was still in its infancy, and authors had not yet fully realized the opportunities of profit afforded by the printing press. The theatrical companies regarded the plays written for them as their own property, and did not encourage publication. Shakespeare apparently made no effort to secure the transmission of his dramatic work to posterity. No complete edition of his plays was issued until seven years after his death; and the single plays published during his life-time were printed by the enterprise of individual publishers, who bought the manuscript from needy actors, or had the lines taken down in shorthand at the theater, or induced the company to let them have a copy. The first of these quarto editions, (as they are called), which have come down to us, is *Titus Andronicus*, dated 1594; and at Christmas of the same year Shakespeare acted with the rest of his company before the Queen, as the royal accounts show.

Although full and precise information is lacking, we may be certain that the last decade of the sixteenth century was a period of intense dramatic activity for Shakespeare and of rapid and assured success. We have seen that as early as 1592 his achievements as a playwright were sufficient to evoke an expression of contemptuous dislike from a jealous competitor; in 1598 Francis Meres, a university man who wrote a literary guide or handbook, said that Shakespeare "among the English is the most excellent in both kinds (i. e. comedy and tragedy) for

the stage." He gave a list of Shakespeare's plays as evidence of this statement, mentioning among the comedies now known to us the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *A Merchant of Venice*; among the histories, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, and *King John*; among the tragedies, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Other indications point to Shakespeare's established position about this time as a successful and prosperous man. He returned to Stratford to restore the fallen fortunes of his family, and in 1597 bought the largest house in the town. The Herald's College certified his position as a gentleman by granting a coat of arms to his father. He was in the enjoyment of a considerable income, not merely from his acting and play-writing, but from a part-interest (one-fourteenth) in the two theaters (the Globe and the Blackfriars) controlled by the company with which he was connected. At this period Shakespeare and his associates were known as "the Lord Chamberlain's men," (an aristocratic patron being required by law), and on the accession of James I in 1603 they were taken under the immediate patronage of the King.

We know that *Henry V* was written in 1599; that *Much Ado About Nothing* and *As You Like It* were in existence in 1600; and that *Twelfth Night* was acted in 1602; but the dates of many of the later plays are uncertain. It is probable that in the early years of the seventeenth century Shakespeare produced the succession of tragic masterpieces—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Mac-*

beth—and that during the same period he was at work on the great series of Roman plays beginning with *Julius Cæsar*. *Cymbeline*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* belong to a later group, sometimes called the “romances”—plays with happy endings but distinguished from the earlier comedies by extraordinary delicacy of characterization, and a suffused atmosphere of romance, which, like a sunset glow, round off the great dramatist's career.

By this time, though retaining his financial interests in the theaters, Shakespeare had retired to Stratford. One of his earliest biographers says: “The latter part of Shakespeare's life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends.” Among these were Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, two of the leading poets of the time, and there is a tradition that a “merry meeting” they had at Stratford in the spring of 1616 hastened Shakespeare's end. But he appears to have been in failing health in January, for he then made his will, leaving his property to his married daughters, and memorial rings to his fellow actors. He died on April 23—the day given to the festival of St. George, the patron saint of England—and was buried in the chancel of Stratford Church—not because he was a famous dramatist, but because he was the owner of the local tithes.

II

AS YOU LIKE IT

Copyright was secured in Elizabethan England by entering a play on the Register of the Company of Stationers or Booksellers, and *As You Like It* is mentioned in 1600 (August 4) among plays "to be stayed," i.e., to be withheld from publication, presumably pending inquiry as to the publisher's right to print them. *Much Ado About Nothing* (which was included in the same list) was actually published later in the same year, but we have no copy of *As You Like It* earlier than the folio or collected edition of 1623, upon which the present text is based. The general character and style of the play indicate that it was written not long before 1600; as it was not included by Meres in the list mentioned above, the presumption is that it was later than 1598. The latter half of 1599 or the earlier half of 1600 is the date generally accepted.

Shakespeare rarely took the trouble to invent the plots of his plays: he took a story already known to his audience, either on the stage or by means of books, and filled it with new life. In some cases (*Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* for instance) the old play Shakespeare used has disappeared; but *As You Like It* was founded upon a novel which has come down to us. Thomas Lodge's *Rosalind* was written only a dozen years before the play which Shakespeare made out of it; it was printed in

1590, again in 1592, and again in 1598, and must have been well known to many of those who came to see *As You Like It*. It was doubtless for this reason that Shakespeare dealt less freely with his original in this case than he often did with an old play or an Italian novel; the incidents and persons, though inspired for the first time with the breath of life by the touch of Shakespeare's hand, are in the main the same in the comedy as in the story. Lodge's *Rosalind* is a pastoral romance—i.e. a tale of the adventures of knights and ladies who take refuge from the cares and restrictions of court in the simple life of shepherds and foresters, fall in love with each other, and find vent for their passions in writing poetry. At the opening of the story Sir John of Bordeaux, lying on his death bed, bequeathes his estate (with much sage advice) to his three sons, Saladyne (the Oliver of our play), Fernandyne (Jaques de Boys), and Rosader (Orlando). Saladyne through avarice deprives his younger brothers of their inheritance, the second being a student lost in his books, and the third, Rosader, kept at home in servile subjection, and employed in menial tasks. After two or three years Rosader rebels, and drives Saladyne, who orders his servants to bind him, to take refuge in a loft. Saladyne, having effected a reconciliation by the promise of redress, plots the destruction of Rosader by the champion wrestler at the court of Torismond, king of France, (Duke Frederick), who has driven the rightful occupant of the throne, his brother Gerismond (Duke Senior), into banishment, and seeks to amuse his subjects with a tournament and wrestling

match. Rosalind, the daughter of Gerismond, and Alinda (Celia), the daughter of the reigning king, are present at the tournament, and Rosader, as he steps into the ring to meet the victorious wrestler, who has just slain two contestants, is entranced by the sight of Rosalind. The champion rouses him from his trance by shaking his shoulder, and Rosader, fired by an encouraging glance from Rosalind, throws his opponent to the ground, "falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due and Rosader the victory."

Rosalind, touched with the beauty and valor of Rosader, sent him a jewel from her neck as a present, and he, unable to return her the like, stepping into a tent, took ink and paper and wrote her a poem. Returning home with a troop of boon companions, he found Saladyne had barred the door against him; but he broke his way in, and feasted and frolicked with his friends. Meanwhile Rosalind consoled her newly-entertained passion by singing to her lute one of Lodge's most charming lyrics.

Rosalind had scarcely ended her madrigal when Torismond entered, and pronounced sentence of exile upon her. When his daughter Alinda protested, he banished her too. They set forth together, Rosalind dressed as a page and calling herself Ganymede, Alinda in homelike attire under the name of Aliena. Arriving in the forest of Arden, they came across two shepherds, Montanus and Corydon (Silvius and Corin), discoursing poetry to each other, and took refuge with them. Next day they bought the farm and flock, Aliena putting on the attire of a shepherdess, and Ganymede that of a young swain.

Saladyne for a long time concealed his resolution of revenge, but his base treatment and violence ultimately drove Rosader to flee for his life, in company with Adam Spencer, his father's old servant. They took their way towards the forest of Arden, where, after wandering five or six days without food, they arrived almost famished. Adam Spencer, being old, began first to faint, and Rosader left him to find food.

"It chanced that day, that Gerismond, the lawful king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in that forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who, seeing such a crew of brave men, having store of that for want of which he and Adam perished, stepped boldly to the board's end, and saluted the company thus:

'Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may: know that I and a fellow-friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food: perish we must, unless relieved by thy favors. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such men as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme.'

Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity, that rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast.

'Gramercy, sir,' quoth Rosader, 'but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonor it were for me to taste one crumb, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer.'

Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the news, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon Rosader got him up on his back, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismond's place assigned him, would not sit there himself, but set down Adam Spencer."

When Rosader told who he was, he was welcomed by the king, and in reply to questions as to court happenings he told Gerismond of the banishment of Rosalind and Aliena. Preferred to the place of a forester by Gerismond, Rosader was engaged in carving on a tree a sonnet in praise of Rosalind, when Ganymede and Aliena came upon him. "Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalind, Aliena looked on Ganymede and laughed, and Ganymede, looking back on the forester, and seeing it was Rosader, blushed; yet thinking to shroud all under her page's apparel, she boldly returned to Rosader," and inquired about his Rosalind. Next day, at Ganymede's request, Rosader brought more poems in praise of his mistress, and was kept to dinner. As soon as they had finished their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have taken his leave; but Ganymede, loth to let him go, said: "Seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo: I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. . . . And while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and play us melody." Accordingly, while Aliena plays, the lovers engage in a "wooing eclogue" in verse, at the end of which Ganymede said: "How now, forester, have I not fitted your turn?"

have I not played the woman handsomely, and shown myself as coy in grants as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspicion as men of flattery? and yet to salve all, jumped I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalind content her Rosader?" The forester made a merry reply, concluding: "Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these feigned affections do divine some unfeigned end of ensuing fancies."

"'And thereupon,' quoth Aliena, 'I'll play the priest: from this day forth Ganymede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganymede wife, and so we'll have a marriage.'

'Content,' quoth Rosader, and laughed.

'Content,' quoth Ganymede, and changed as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking he had wooed and won his Rosalind."

Saladyne, meanwhile, had been banished by the avaricious Torismond, who had an eye for his estate; in his flight, he chanced upon the forest of Arden, where, hungry and weary, he fell asleep. He was found by a lion, which watched to see if he would stir, for lions hate to prey on dead carcasses. Upon them came Rosader with a boar-spear in his hand, and after some debate with himself rescued his brother, who failed to recognize him, and expressed to his savior his repentance for the wrongs he had done Rosader. A mutual reconciliation followed, and Saladyne was also admitted to the service of the banished king. After spending two or three days with his brother, Rosader again visited Ganymede and Aliena, and was conversing with them when they were attacked by rascals who plotted to carry off Aliena. Rosader re-

sisted the attack, was sore wounded, and would have been overcome had not Saladyne, who was looking for him, come to the rescue, and put the rascals to flight. Aliena, attracted by Saladyne's valor and courtesy, cast an eye of affection on him, and was soon won to consent to marry him.

"Quoth Ganymede, 'a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalind.'

'Ah, good Ganymede,' quoth he, 'by naming Rosalind, renew not my sorrows; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries.'

'Tush, be of good cheer, man,' quoth Ganymede: 'I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I will cause him to bring in Rosalind, if either France or any bordering nation harbor her; and upon that take the faith of a young shepherd.'"

At the marriage day Gerismond is much interested in the laments of Montanus, whom Phœbe has forsaken for Ganymede.

"Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganymede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the crystal of his face with a ruddy brightness. The king, noting well the physiognomy of Ganymede, began by his favors to call to mind the face of his Rosalind, and with that fetched a deep sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore.

'Because, Rosader,' quoth he, 'the favor of Ganymede puts me in mind of Rosalind.'

At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would have burst.

'And what's the matter,' quoth Gerismond, 'that you quite me with such a sigh?'

'Pardon me, sir,' quoth Rosader, 'because I love none but Rosalind.'

'And upon that condition,' quoth Gerismond, 'that Rosalind

were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee.' ”

* * * * *

“In went Ganymede and dressed herself in woman's attire, having on a gown of green, with kirtle of rich sendal, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest; upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora perked in the pride of all her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented herself at her father's feet, with her eyes full of tears, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fell upon her neck, uttering the passions of his joy in watery plaints, driven into such an ecstasy of content, that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyful, I refer myself to the judgment of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalind before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirits, and in most fatherly terms entertained his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what had passed between her and Rosader?

‘So much, sir,’ quoth she, ‘as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the marriage.’

‘Why, then,’ quoth Gerismond, ‘Rosader, take her; she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brother's and thy nuptials.’

Rosader, beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosalind, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shown sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves.

‘Yea,’ quoth Phœbe, ‘and so great a persuasive, that if it please you, madame, and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage.’ ”

Rosader and Saladyne were still engaged in the wedding festivities, when their brother Fernandyne brought word that the twelve peers of France were fighting on the edge of the forest on behalf of Gerismond against the usurper. Reinforced by Gerismond and his companions, the peers put to flight the army of Torismond, who was

slain in the battle. Gerismond was restored to his throne, and "created Rosader heir apparent to the kingdom; he restored Saladyne to all his father's land and gave him the Dukedom of Namours; he made Fernandyne principal secretary to himself; and that fortune might every way seem 'frolic, he made Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captain of the King's Guard, and Corydon master of Alinda's flocks."

While it is obvious that Shakespeare found in Lodge the outline of his plot, he did not merely dramatize the story, which, without the use he has made of it, would have been known only to literary specialists. A comparison of the play with its source does not decrease our admiration for Shakespeare; it rather makes us the more amazed, that out of such materials he could create a work of art of everlasting interest and value. Exactly how he did it is the secret of his genius, and must be sought in a thousand little touches which give life and veracity to what was before artificial and dead. Some of the more important changes may, however, be indicated. Shakespeare added new characters of his own imagining: Touchstone and Jaques, William and Audrey,—adding thereby to Lodge's conventional courtiers and shepherds living representatives of courtly wit and wisdom on the one hand, and country boorishness and simplicity on the other. Moreover, the characters suggested by Lodge's novel are no less Shakespeare's creations, for he first gave them life and probability. We shall search the novel in vain for the sprightly wit of Rosalind, founded on deep feeling and sound common sense; or for Celia's gentler

playfulness and quick affection; or for Orlando's ingenuous modesty and trustfulness. What happened to them we can find, in the main, in Lodge; but it was Shakespeare who made them real to us—living persons with distinct and charming individuality. Next to this all-important change is the difference between the conventional atmosphere of pastoral romance and the imaginative realism of romantic comedy. Shakespeare's forest of Arden has no existence in real life any more than Lodge's, but while in Lodge we are constantly reminded that everything is hollow and artificial, in the play the people are natural and lifelike. Even in the plot Shakespeare made changes which make the story run more smoothly and reasonably. He omitted the improbable incident of the tyrant's banishment of his own daughter, and by connecting Orlando with the disappearance of the two girls made the treatment of the eldest brother by Duke Frederick more probable. The meeting between Rosalind and Orlando in the forest is managed with infinitely greater skill and naturalness in the play than in the novel. On the other hand, the omission of the attack on Ganymede and Aliena by the rascals leaves the latter's falling in love with Oliver less adequately accounted for. The poet Swinburne deplored this "unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear in one corner of the canvas," but without the message which Oliver brings of the wounding of Orlando, we could not have had the scene of Rosalind's swooning at the end of Act IV, which has been justly regarded as the most natural and moving of the whole play.

Of the literary merits of the play an admirable estimate has been recently given by Professor A. C. Bradley in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (1909):—"If we were obliged to answer the question which of Shakespeare's plays contains, not indeed the fullest picture of his mind, but the truest expression of his nature and habitual temper, unaffected by special causes of exhilaration or gloom, I should be disposed to choose *As You Like It*. He who is reading it has a smooth brow and smiling lips, and a heart that murmurs,

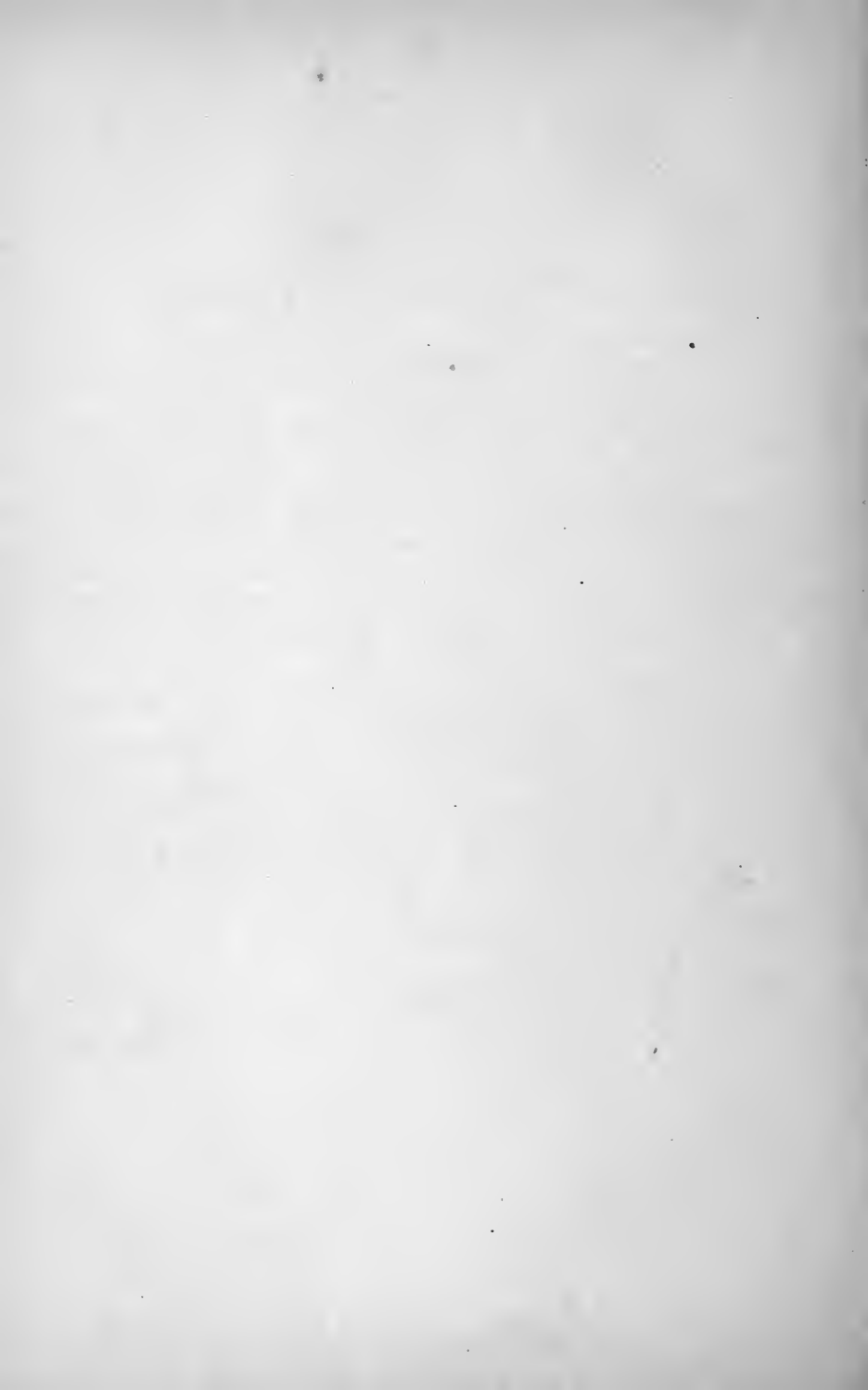
Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

And it is full not only of sweetness, but of romance, fun, humor of various kinds, delight in the oddities of human nature, love of modesty and fidelity and high spirit and patience, dislike of scandal and censure, contemplative curiosity, the feeling that in the end we are all merely players, together with a touch of the feeling that

Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

And, finally, it breathes the serene holiday mood of escape from the toil, competition, and corruption of city and court into the sun and shadow and peace of the country, where one can be idle and dream and meditate and sing, and pursue or watch the deer as the fancy takes one, and make love or smile at lovers according to one's age.

“ It may be added that *As You Like It*, though idyllic, is not so falsely idyllic as some critics would make it. It is based, we may roughly say, on a contrast between court and country; but those who inhale virtue from the woodland are courtiers who bring virtue with them, and the country has its churlish masters and unkind or uncouth maidens.”



DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

(Prepared by Professor F. E. Pierce of Yale)

There are several convenient handbooks on Shakespeare, among which may be mentioned:

An Introduction to Shakespeare, by MacCracken, Pierce, and Durham. (Macmillan Co., New York, 1910.)

Shakspeare, by Edward Dowden. (American Book Co., New York.)
A simple, compact, and readable book. It should be used in connection with a more modern work, as recent research has changed our ideas of Elizabethan theaters somewhat since the book was written.

Life of Shakespeare, by Sidney Lee. (Macmillan Co., New York, 1909.) The latest life of Shakespeare printed.

Shakespeare, Life and Works, by Furnivall and Munro. (Cassell and Co., New York, 1908.)

Not especially adapted for the use of young students, but full of valuable material in a condensed form.

Cartae Shakespeareanae, by D. H. Lambert. (George Bell and Sons, London, 1904.)

A series of reprints of the original documents on which our knowledge of Shakespeare is based.

Shakespeare's London, by H. T. Stephenson. (Henry Holt and Co., New York.)

An account of Elizabethan London, with numerous valuable illustrations.

Shakspeare and his Predecessors, by F. S. Boas. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896.)

Among the best editions of Shakespeare's works in one volume are:

The Cambridge Edition, edited by Professor W. A. Neilson. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1908.)

The Globe Edition. (Macmillan Co., New York, 1897.)

The plays assigned by modern scholarship wholly or in part to Shakespeare are thirty-seven in number. Sixteen of them were published separately during the poet's life, and the others were not printed until after his death. In 1623 thirty-six of the above plays (all except *Pericles*) were collected by the friends and fellow actors of the dead poet and published together in the First Folio. *Pericles* was added in the Third Folio in 1664. These thirty-seven plays, loosely classified, comprise the following:

I. EARLY PLAYS BEFORE SHAKESPEARE HAD REACHED HIS FULL POWER

King Henry VI, Parts I, II, III.

A series of historical events, unfolding the gradual decline of English power and the growth of civil war under a weak king.

Titus Andronicus.

A powerful but brutal play, unlike any of Shakespeare's later work.

Love's Labour's Lost.

A picture in brilliant dialogue of the lighter side of court life.

The Comedy of Errors.

A farcical comedy, depending on mistaken identity of twins.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A romantic comedy, dealing with the disguises and adventures of lovers.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

A love story and fairy tale combined.

Romeo and Juliet.

A tragedy of love, in which the hero and heroine become victims of an ancient feud between their families.

Richard II.

Richard III.

King John.

Three historical dramas, each dealing with the struggles and downfall of an English king.

II. THE PERIOD OF GREAT HISTORIES AND COMEDIES

The Merchant of Venice.

The story of two young lovers who are brought together by the devotion of a faithful friend, and who in turn save this friend from the revenge of Shylock the Jew.

The Taming of the Shrew.

An ingenious farcical comedy, in which a shrewish wife is tamed into gentleness.

King Henry IV, Parts I and II.

Stately pictures of English civil wars, interspersed with the delightful comedy of Falstaff and his companions.

King Henry V.

A picture of the English conquests in France, centering around Henry V as a national hero.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

A laughable series of practical jokes played on Falstaff.

Much Ado About Nothing.

As You Like It.

Twelfth Night.

Three romantic comedies of the highest rank. *Much Ado* combines the delightful wit-combats of Beatrice and Benedict with the touching story of a lady unjustly accused but finally cleared. *As You Like It* is a picture of pastoral life far from the world's uproar in the forest of Arden. *Twelfth Night* traces the fortunes of a shipwrecked heroine who by unselfish devotion wins a noble lover.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Troilus and Cressida.

Measure for Measure.

Three bitter, sarcastic comedies, revealing the baser aspects of human nature.

III. THE PERIOD OF GREAT TRAGEDIES

Julius Cæsar.

A picture of the national upheaval connected with the death of Cæsar. Its central figure is the noble but misguided patriot Brutus.

Hamlet.

One of the most thoughtful and poetical of dramas, centering around the story of a son called to avenge a murdered father.

Othello.

The tragedy of a noble but passionate man who becomes the dupe of a villain, and through mistaken jealousy murders his innocent bride.

King Lear.

The tragedy of ingratitude. King Lear gives all his lands to his two eldest daughters, but their cruelty leads to his death and that of his one faithful child Cordelia.

Macbeth.

A terrible picture of the retribution which follows ambition and murder. Macbeth assassinates his predecessor to become king, but is overthrown and dies miserably in the hour of defeat.

Antony and Cleopatra.

The tragedy of a great soldier who sacrifices an empire for love of a fascinating but wicked woman.

Timon of Athens.

The tragedy of a noble Athenian who ruins himself by unwise generosity.

Coriolanus.

The tragedy of a noble Roman whose brave but unreasonably haughty spirit makes him the enemy and desolator of his country.

IV. ROMANTIC TALES OF SHAKESPEARE'S LATER YEARS

Pericles.

The adventures of a family who are long separated and finally united.

Cymbeline.

A Winter's Tale.

Two stories of mistaken jealousy, with frequent threats of disaster but with a happy ending. *Cymbeline* is a story of ancient Britain; the scene of the *Winter's Tale* is laid in Sicily and Bohemia.

The Tempest.

The story of an exiled duke on an enchanted island. Here he brings his enemies within his power and is restored to his dukedom.

King Henry VIII.

A series of picturesque events in the life of King Henry and Cardinal Wolsey.

Shakespeare's non-dramatic works include:

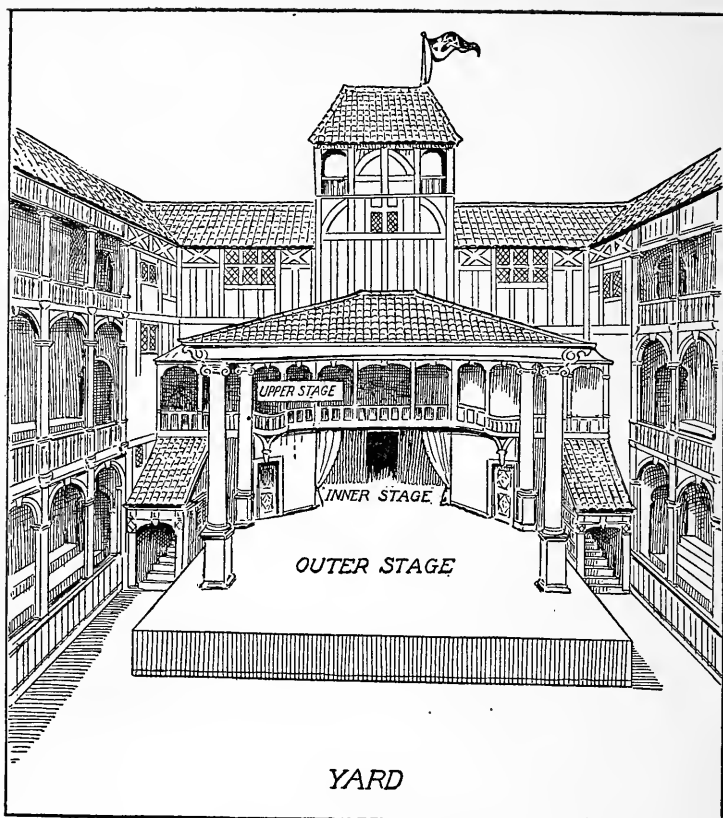
Venus and Adonis (1593).

The Rape of Lucrece (1594).

Sonnets (1609).

The Passionate Pilgrim (1599).

A collection of short poems, containing a few by Shakespeare.



Interior of Fortune Theater

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished duke.*

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } *shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

As You Like It.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Orchard of OLIVER'S house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion :
bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand
crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother,
on his blessing, to breed me well : and there be-
gins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps
at school, and report speaks goldenly of his
profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at
home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here
at home unkept ; for call you that keeping for a
gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the 10
stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ;
for besides that they are fair with their feeding,
they are taught their manage, and to that end
riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain
nothing under him but growth ; for the which
his animals on his dunghills are as much bound
to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so

plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 20

Adam. Yonder comes my master your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury? 40

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 50

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself. 60

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education; you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no 70

longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be 80 troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? 90 I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 100

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, 110
be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, 120
and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England; they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 130 140

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device 150

and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one 160 so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an 170 end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.* 180

SCENE II

Lawn before the DUKE'S palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 10

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. 20

Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further
in sport neither, than with safety of a pure
blush thou mayst in honor come off again. 30

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she
scarce makes honest, and those that she makes
honest she makes very ill-favoredly. 40

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father. 60

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight 70 forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; 80

but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be 90 whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 100

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

110

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for 120 the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

130

Ros. With bills on their necks, “Be it known unto all men by these presents.”

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke’s wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they

lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

140

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

150

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

160

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, 170 but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general chal- 180 lenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 190

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.

But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if 200 killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

210

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not 220 have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well
breathed. 230

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young
man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir
Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man
else;

The world esteemed thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house. 240

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 250
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel.

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman. 260

Orl.

Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros.

He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?

Ros.

Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Orl.

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference. 270
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau.

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the Duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this; 280
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, 290
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother: 300
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

A room in the palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

10

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

20

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father 30
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the 40
Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, 50
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter: there's
enough. 60

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along. 70

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience 80

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor, 90

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke

Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No! hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl? 100

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better.
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart 120
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Gel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.* 140]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

The forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS and two or three Lords,
like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
beat. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forkéd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much markéd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou mak’st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:” then, being there
alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends, 50

“’Tis right,” quoth he; “thus misery doth part
The flux of company:” anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; “Ay,” quoth Jaques,
“Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
’Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?”

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what’s worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices:
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse 40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion 60
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here livéd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

The forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND as GANYMEDE, CELIA as ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travelers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk. 20

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous 30
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou rememberest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company 40
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *[Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in
love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him

take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and
I remember the kissing of her batler and the
cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had
milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod
instead of her, from whom I took two cods and,
giving her them again, said with weeping tears,
"Wear these for my sake." We that are true
lovers run into strange capers; but as all is
mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
in folly. 50

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit
till I break my shins against it. 60

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace! fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 70

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition 80
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing. 90

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 100

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

*The forest.**Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur 10
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you
to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call
you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your 30
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here* 40
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame" ?

60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any

thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end; 10 I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII

The forest.

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth
he,
“Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:”
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, “It is ten o’clock:
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticler, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed 40
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galléd with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embosséd sores and headéd evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see
wherein
My tongue hath wronged him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answeréd.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I 100
must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players: 140
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, 150
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam.

So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 180
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, etc. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.

Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. 200
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of
doors;
And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crownéd queen of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. 10
[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is

private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 20

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred. 30

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.

Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason. 40

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good

manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that 50 courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. 60

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep: and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar 70
Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see 80 my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you
. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 90

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind. 100

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together,
dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours ex-
cepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to
market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

110

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do
you infect yourself with them?

120

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a
tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it
with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit
i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be
half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the
medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no,
let the forest judge.

130

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. [Reads.] Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age; 140
Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled 150
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized. 160
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily
of love have you wearied your parishioners
withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good
people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherds, go off a
little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet 170 with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 180

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man? 190

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

200

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine 210 comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will 220 be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

230

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is 240 more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 250

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 260

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

270

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

280

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not

been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, 290
from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of
Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me?
and we two will rail against our mistress the
world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself,
against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in
love. 300

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best
virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I
found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and
you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good
Signior Love. 310

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia.*] I will speak to him like a
saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave
with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else 320
sighing every minute and groaning every hour
would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal? 330

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'n-night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking 340
the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep
between term and term, and then they perceive 350
not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the
skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petti-
coat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is
kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could
purchase in so removed a dwelling. 360

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old
religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who
was in his youth an inland man; one that knew
courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I
have heard him read many lectures against it,
and I thank God I am not a woman, to be
touchèd with so many giddy offences as he hath
generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils
that he laid to the charge of women? 370

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like
one another as half-pence are, every one fault
seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to
match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on
those that are sick. There is a man haunts the

forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth 380
deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 390

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless 400
desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter

to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you 410 he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 420

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, 430 changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for

him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full 440 stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me 450 where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I

the man yet? doth my simple feature content
you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what
features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the
most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among
the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than 10
Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood,
nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward
child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead
than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly,
I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest
in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most
feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and 20
what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers
they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me
poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art
honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have
some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored;
for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey 30
a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! 40
sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but 50
horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no: the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is 60
more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defense is

better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 70

Jaq. [*Advancing.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 80

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp. 90

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,— 100

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. 10

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color; your chestnut was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 20

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 30

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they

are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? 40

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress. 50

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. 60

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

SCENE V

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work. 'Od 's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 60
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and
she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so,
as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you
so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better;
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. 80

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly? 90

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black; 130
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me:
I marvel why I answered not again:
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which 10
is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantas-
tical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the
soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's,
which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor
the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melan-
choly of mine own, compounded of many simples,
extracted from many objects, and indeed the
sundry contemplation of my travels, in which
my often rumination wraps me in a most humor-
ous sadness. 20

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great rea-
son to be sad: I fear you have sold your own
lands to see other men's; then, to have seen
much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes
and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had
rather have a fool to make me merry than expe-
rience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind! 30

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in
blank verse.

[*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler: look you lisp
and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of

your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! And you serve me such another 40
trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes armed 60
in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 70

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 80

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 90

Ros. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is

almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have 100 lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 110

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

120

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and

marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this 130
Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband; there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 140

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a 150 Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana

in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

160

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 180

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 200

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in 210 love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out,

let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

10

SONG.

For. What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

*Then sing him home; the rest shall
bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is
gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well.
This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words; blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*] Art thou god to shepherd turned, 40
That a maiden's heart hath burned?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

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60

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and

70

say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *[Exit Silvius.]*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkerchief was stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again 100
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who, with her head nimble in threats, approached 110
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man 120
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 130
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you he rescued?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two 140
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! 160

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man! you lack a
man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would
think this was well counterfeited! I pray you,
tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great 170
testimony in your complexion that it was a pas-
sion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit
to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back 180
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

10

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head,
cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How
old are you, friend? 20

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest
here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God;" a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent
good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou 30
wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember
a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but
the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat
a grape, would open his lips when he put it into
his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were
made to eat and lips to open. You do love this
maid? 40

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have;
for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being
poured out of a cup into a glass by filling the

one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

50

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; 60
I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II

*The forest.**Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy 10
each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

20

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

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Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these 40 degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, 50 by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch 60
I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know 70
into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosa- 80
lind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; 90
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, 100
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would 120 love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: 130 I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

10

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,



That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, 20
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc. 30

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was
no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we
lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost 40
to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' you;
and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The forest.

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiséd?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter; 20

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30

And hath been tutored in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscuréd in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the 40
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

50

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.

I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

60

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

70

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard:

he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself; this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 80

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; 90 and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the 100 seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices

could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good 110
at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and
under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his 120
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [*To Duke.*] To you I give myself for I am
yours.

[*To Or.*] To you I give myself for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 130

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events.

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord: 140

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoréd: 150

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word. [*To Silvius.*] Now
thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again 170
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offerest fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180
According to the measure of their states.

Meanwhile, forget this new-fall'n dignity

And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites 190
There is much matter to be heard and learned.

[*To Duke.*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth
merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great
allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victualled. So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ;
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the
lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine
needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs
no epilogue ; yet to good wine they do use good
bushes, and good plays prove the better by the
help of good epilogues. What a case am I in
then, that am neither a good epilogue nor can-
not insinuate with you in the behalf of a good
play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, there- 10
fore to beg will not become me : my way is to
conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I
charge you, O women, for the love you bear to
men, to like as much of this play as please you :
and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear
to women—as I perceive by your simpering,
none of you hates them—that between you and
the women the play may please. If I were a
woman I would kiss as many of you as had
beards that pleased me, complexions that liked 20
me and breaths that I defied not : and, I am sure,
as many as have good beards or good faces or
sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I
make curtsy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

NOTES AND COMMENT



NOTES AND COMMENT

As You Like It was written, not to be read, but to be acted. Its first performance was no doubt superintended by Shakespeare himself, and there is a credible tradition that he played the part of Adam. The stage directions, even when supplemented by subsequent editors, are scantier than they would be in a play published by a modern author, and the demand made upon the reader's imagination is proportionately greater.

A play in any case requires closer attention from the reader than a novel, for the latter brings in narrative and description to the aid of the dialogue. And yet in a novel the most vivid and lifelike scenes are those in which we hear the characters speak, as well as learn from the author what happens to them and where the incident takes place. This is because, in real life, next to action it is conversation which most reveals people.

You have, perhaps, an acquaintance of whose life you see nothing except at school. Aside from what he does there, you form your opinion of him chiefly from (1) what he says,—especially in regard to some subject in which he is greatly interested, or on some important occasion. You learn much, too, from (2) what his schoolmates in conversation say to him, for this shows the immediate effect of his words on them; and from (3) what they say *about* him. Of course in the case of (2) and (3) you have to take into consideration the aims and feelings of the speakers. But the point is that in these three ways you come to know the character of this acquaintance and to form an idea of the life he leads out of school.

In a similar manner we get to know Orlando, Rosalind, and the other personages of the play and their life-stories. For we no more believe that they cease to exist between scenes, than that our school-fellows have no life outside of school. This is because in Shakespeare's wonderful mind his people have indeed

a real existence and a complete story; and because from that story he chooses for us the most significant scenes—those in which the personages most reveal themselves in their talk.

But written talk makes a special demand on the reader. Suppose it were possible for you simply to read, instead of hear, the talk of your schoolmates; to interpret their personalities from it you would have to exert your imagination strongly. Now, in a novel most of the interpretation is done for us by the author; and by simply reading a novel through, we can get a great deal out of it. But *As You Like It* we need to read often and slowly, letting our imagination dwell on the conversation, and supplying for ourselves what a novelist would narrate and describe. And so wonderful is this conversation that the more we think upon it, the more we find in it.

To sum up, in reading the speeches be alert for suggestions as to: (1) what there is to be seen and heard,—the actions, looks, and tones of the people, and the scenes in which they move; (2) their states of mind; (3) what they think of each other; (4) what happens to them behind the scenes. With these suggestions in mind, read the play at least once without making any considerable use of the Notes and Comment. You will enjoy the story much more if you secure your own ideas of it first and then compare them with those of the editor; and further, you cannot get the full significance of each scene unless you have in mind a general conception of the whole play.

When you come to study each scene more closely, do not turn to the Notes and Comment until you reach a natural stopping-place; that is, where there is a distinct change of subject, or where some important person or persons enter or leave the scene. In the case of the longer scenes, a good point at which to pause, near the middle, is indicated by the headings given in the Notes and Comment; in Scene i, for instance, at the exit of Orlando at line 89. The Notes explain the more difficult expressions and give suggestions as to the four points just mentioned; but they are intended to stimulate the imagination, not to relieve it from necessary effort.

One would miss the chief charm of *As You Like It*, however, if one were to study it simply as a realistic copy of human life. It is an expression of the mind of a great poet. The

poetic conception which underlies the whole is dealt with in the Introduction, on pages xxii-xxiii. Essentially true to life as the characters are, they are far from being ordinary people, and their language transcends that of everyday life. More than half of the play, indeed—namely, the passages in which the tone is more conversational than the rest—is written in prose; but this is of the same high quality as the verse. The prose is full of poetic force and is often quite rhythmical; see for instance the speech of Charles: *They say . . . golden world* (I, i, 120-125). Two closely allied qualities which the prose possesses in common with the verse are worthy of special attention. (1) Condensation; a great deal of meaning is often packed into a few pregnant words. (2) Concreteness; the poet's mind deals not so much with abstract generalities which appeal solely to our intellect as with concrete particulars which appeal to our senses. In everyday language, for instance, we might say of a successful student at the university: "It is reported that he is making excellent progress in his studies". In contrast to this, observe the condensation and concreteness of the language in which Orlando expresses the thought: *Report speaks goldenly of his profit* (I, i, 6). It can be seen that these two qualities demand a constant alertness of thought and imagination on the part of the reader who would appreciate the full force and beauty of Shakespeare's expression.

In the passages the tone of which is more decidedly poetic (ceremonious, emotional, or imaginative), the prose rises into blank verse; see, for instance, I, ii, 236-301 and I, iii, 43-140. Blank verse differs from prose in having a regular rhythm, that is, meter; it falls into lines each of which (with a few exceptions) has five metric stresses. The theoretic form which underlies this kind of verse is a line of five feet, each containing two syllables on the second of which falls the stress or accent (called, for that reason, rising accent). A line may therefore be scanned as follows:—

Hath not' | old cus' | tom made' | this life' | more sweet'
(II, i, 2).

If blank verse were read according to this form, however, the result would be ridiculously monotonous. As a matter of fact,

the (1) metric accentuation which has just been illustrated is only lightly superimposed upon, and does not submerge, the (2) sense-accentuation,—that which, just as in prose, arises from the ordinary pronunciation and significance of the individual words. In the following verses, the effect of the combination of these two kinds of accentuation is illustrated. Of course, the many very delicate shades of difference between the stresses cannot be indicated on paper; indeed, they vary to some extent according to the taste of the reader. But three grades of stress may be roughly distinguished: strong (*nów*); weak (*in*); and a stress spread somewhat equally over two syllables with, as a rule, rather more emphasis on the second (*this life*).

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam (II, i, 1-5).

Observe now how the single line scanned above appears in its context (line 2). *Hath* and *not* are both unimportant in the sense and share a weak accent. *Old* is as important as *custom*: the two words render together a single, strong idea. *This* requires almost as much stress as *life* because *this life* is being thrown into contrast with *that of painted pomp* in the next line; for the same reason *more* is emphatic. The metric stresses in line 2 are thus not so sharply marked as those in line 1; and the even flow of the rhythm helps to express the sweet quiet on which the speaker is dwelling. But in the passage as a whole observe that as a rule a certain amount of stress falls on every second syllable, and that the predominating effect is therefore that of five-stress, rising rhythm. Sometimes, however, the stress is thrown entirely on the first syllable of a foot; in *Nów my* (line 1), none of the stress can be placed on *my*. Such feet are very common and

lend variety and force to the style. If one wishes to emphasize *Here* (line 5) in contrast to the *envious court*, such a foot will result (*Hére feel*). See also *Sweet are* (line 12), *úgly* (line 13), *books in* (line 16), *Sérmons* (line 17), etc. Nor does the number of syllables in a line—usually ten, as explained above—remain constant. Unstressed ones are occasionally omitted and occasionally added. When one is added at the end of a verse, so that this closes in falling rhythm, the result is what is called a feminine ending; for example:

That would I, had I kingdoms to give wíth | her (V, iv, 8).
Observe the peculiar softness which such an ending imparts to the rhythm; see note on V, iv, 8. One is apt to miss the rhythm where the close of one speech forms a verse with the beginning of the next; such cases are indicated by the printing:

Augment | ing`it | with téars |

But w`hat | said Jáques (II, i, 43).

Further, in Elizabethan pronunciation words were often accented differently from at present. Notice that the meter requires *exile* (II, i, 1) instead of *éxile*; *confines* (II, i, 24) instead of *cónfines*. The final *-ed* was more frequently pronounced as a separate syllable: *forkéd* (II, i, 24), *markéd* (II, i, 41), etc. The terminations *-ience*, *-ion* and the like are frequently two syllables: *conditi-on* (I, ii, 276), *páti-ence* (I, iii, 80).

The Glossary contains: (1) Words that have gone out of common use; such as, *allottery* (I, i, 77), *quintain* (I, ii, 263). (2) Words occurring several times in the play in unusual senses; such as *honest* (I, ii, 41, etc), *envious* (I, ii, 253, etc).

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN OLIVER AND ORLANDO, lines 1-89

2-3. **Bequeathed me . . . charged.** As subject of the two verbs supply *he*, i. e., *my father*; see line 70. **My brother:** Oliver.

13. **Taught their manage:** trained. Observe, throughout,

what Orlando most feels the need of (not money, nor the affection of Oliver).

19-22. **His countenance:** his bearing toward me. **Hinds:** farm servants. **Mines my gentility with my education:** undermines my gentility by the kind of bringing-up he is giving me.

25-27. **I will . . . avoid it.** Throughout all of his long, vehement speech to Adam, Orlando has been leading up to and justifying this important resolution. And the speech has conveyed to us just enough of the story of the brothers up to the present moment to enable us to understand that part of it which we are to see.

31. **What make you:** what are you doing. In the succeeding four bitter speeches, notice the punning on *make*, *mar*, *marry*.

40-42. **Shall I keep . . . such penury:** an allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son; see *Luke* xv, verses 12 and 16. Notice the difference in tone between this speech of Orlando's and his preceding one. What is the effect on Oliver?

54. **Is nearer to his reverence:** entitles you to some of the respect due to him. The ever-present thought of his father influences Orlando in several ways in this scene.

56-57. **Come, come . . . in this.** Oliver has evidently struck at his brother. There is keen irony in *elder* and *young*; the action with which Orlando accompanies the words may be judged from his next speech (line 63).

65. **Thou hast railed on thyself.** How has he?

76. **Exercises:** occupations.

86-87. **Most true . . . your service.** What is the full force of the metaphor? Adam speaks just three times; what do you now know of him?

The action of the scene culminates in Orlando's forcible demand (lines 73-78). Carefully compare this sentence with that in lines 22-27 and account for the differences in tone and content.

OLIVER'S PLOT, lines 90-180

90-91. **Begin you . . . your rankness:** Are you beginning to "act big" toward me? I will cure your overgrowth.

Notice the two other hints of the scheme which is taking shape in Oliver's angry mind (lines 80-82 and 98-99).

115. **To stay:** if she had had to stay.

122. **Robin Hood:** the famous legendary outlaw who, with his band of merry men, frequented the forests of medieval England. He appears in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

124-125. **Carelessly:** free from care. **World:** age. We gather from the speeches of Charles that the senior duke's banishment is quite recent.

126. **What, you etc:** Well, you etc. With this casual question, Oliver brings the gossiping Charles to the subject of the wrestling; why, eager as he is for revenge, has he not introduced the subject sooner?

134. **Shall:** must, will have to.

139. **Withal:** therewith, with the matter. Cf. line 129.

146. **By underhand means:** indirectly. Is there any truth, or basis of truth, in this and the next sentence?

149. **Of France.** Shakespeare occasionally reminds us that the scene of the story is France (Cf. I, ii, 104); but he mentions only one other geographical name, Arden. He wants to keep the location vague, since in this play it is of no importance.

156. **Practise:** plot. Oliver represents Orlando as having his own subtle, vengeful disposition. Can you show, from certain details of Orlando's conduct in the orchard, that such is not the case?

162-163. **Anatomize:** (literally) dissect; completely lay bare. **As he is:** his real nature.

170. **Gamester:** (in a contemptuous sense) a frolicsome fellow; also, one who takes part in some athletic sport. Why does Oliver apply the term here to Orlando?

173-174. **Noble device:** worthy ideas and purposes. **Of all sorts:** by people of all ranks or classes.

177. **Misprised:** undervalued. Here Oliver finally lets us see a potent *external* cause of his hatred for his brother. On the other hand, he has been quite truthful in saying, "My soul, yet I know why, hates nothing more than he" (lines 171-172); for the main cause is *internal*: it lies in Oliver's own abnormally wilful nature, by the moods of which he is governed. On this basis, explain the fact that Oliver is generously educating his

brother Jaques (I, i, 5-7), and is yet unwilling to give Orlando the "poor" thousand crowns.

In Scene i, Shakespeare has enlightened us in regard to the hero of the play and secured our interest for him on account of his attractive personality, his unhappy circumstances, and the danger which awaits him. We have learned, too, from the budget of court news carried by Charles, something of the circumstances of Rosalind, who is to play the most important part in the story.

ACT I. SCENE II.

CELIA CHEERS ROSALIND, lines 1-157

1. **Sweet my coz:** my sweet cousin. For *Coz* consult the Glossary.

6. **Learn:** means here the same as *teach*. In her reply Celia catches up the idea of teaching; see line 12.

11. **So:** provided that.

14. **So righteously tempered:** of such uniformly excellent quality. In what connection do we generally use the word "tempered"?

34-36. **Let us sit . . . bestowed equally.** The good dame's treatment of herself and Rosalind naturally suggests the subject to Celia's mind.

41-42. **Honest:** virtuous. **Makes very ill-favoredly:** makes very ugly.

44-45. **Fortune reigns . . . of Nature.** Fortune (i. e., chance) determines what we shall get during life; nature, our looks and traits. With Rosalind's distinction in mind, one can easily follow the playful reasoning which Rosalind and Celia carry on as they watch Touchstone crossing the lawn.

52. **Natural:** born fool, idiot. Rosalind of course applies the term in jest.

60-61. **Mistress . . . father.** Touchstone is Duke Frederick's professional jester. He is dressed in motley—on his head perhaps a hood with cloth asses' ears, and in his hand a bauble. He is privileged to talk familiarly to and about his superiors. Contrast his salutation to Celia with that rendered by Le Beau, the courtier (line 105 below).

87-88. **One . . . loves.** Touchstone has humorously withheld this fact to provide a strong conclusion for his story. **Old:** used here, as often at the present day, without reference to age.

91. **Taxation:** satirizing.

99-100. **As pigeons feed their young.** Just how do they? And what is the connection between this simile and lines 98, 101, 102-103?

107. **Of what color:** of what kind?

115. **Amaze:** daze, bewilder (not astonish). How about Le Beau's sense of humor?

131-132. **Be it known . . . these presents:** the customary preamble of bills or public notices; Rosalind catches up Le Beau's last word and puns on it.

141. **Alas!** Notice the quick changes in Rosalind's tone—at the opening of the scene somewhat serious, then playful, and then, just a moment ago, rising almost to boisterousness.

142-143. **But what . . . have lost.** Touchstone only twice directly addresses Le Beau; but what would have been the effect on the scene if either of them had been present without the other?

149-150. **Broken music:** what we call part-music, such as that of an orchestra. Rosalind delights in far-fetched fancies; see also lines 74, 131 above.

Why has not Shakespeare put before us the wrestling described by Le Beau?

Leaving us to imagine what has been happening to the hero since the preceding day (see I, i, 179-180), Shakespeare has hastened to give us a glimpse of the life of his heroine and to show how she comes to be present at the event which is to be the turning-point in both their lives.

THE WRESTLING MATCH, lines 158-301

Whenever the scene is crowded, the reader must bear in mind, in a general way, the relative positions of the personages. One whose speech appears on paper next that of another may in reality be at some distance from him—often too far to be overheard. At present, roughly speaking, Charles becomes the center of one group in the middle of the lawn, and Rosalind

of another off at one side. Are the first speeches of the Duke and Orlando audible to Rosalind? Follow the movements of the personages, as indicated, for instance, in lines 163, 174, 177.

160. **Is yonder the man?** In the light of what follows, one can imagine with what interest Rosalind first surveys Orlando. Notice, throughout, the difference in tone between her speeches and those of Celia, who is not falling in love.

165. **Ay, my liege . . . us leave.** Why does Rosalind, and not Celia, reply; and why does she say 'Yes' so readily, in spite of the fact that she and Celia had not *crept hither*?

185-186. **If you saw yourself with your eyes:** if you dispassionately used your eyes, instead of being carried away by your spirits.

191-192. **Therefore:** therefor, i. e., for so doing.

195-197. **Punish me not . . . to deny:** do not deal severely with me in your minds, in which I confess I am worthy of condemnation for denying.

200. **Gracious:** favorably regarded.

204. **Only:** belongs with *fill*. The young man, with no prospects ahead of him, is taking the darkest view of his relations with the world. Contrast what Oliver has said on the same subject (I, i, 172-177).

221. **Come your ways:** Come on! In this and his preceding speech notice Orlando's confidence in his physical prowess, combined with self-restraint and modesty. In what ways did he show these qualities in Scene i?

222. **Hercules:** a hero in Greek mythology who was possessed of superhuman strength. He is a prominent character in ancient Greek drama.

238. **Still:** always. Imagine the different effects which Orlando's announcement produces in the faces of Rosalind, the courtiers, and the Duke. Frederick is speaking with nervous abruptness.

244-246. **I am more . . . to Frederick.** Orlando is left standing alone and communes with himself; the princesses linger, talking at some little distance. What statements of Orlando in Scene i does this strong speech remind you of?

253. **Envious.** Consult the Glossary.

258. **Out of suits with fortune:** discharged from fortune's

service. *Suit* has a double meaning: livery worn by retainers, and a petition for a favor. Rosalind now pauses a moment, expecting Orlando's thanks for her gift, before she turns to Celia with *Shall we go, coz?* Then, as the two move slowly away she does not say farewell, like Celia, but keeps her eyes on Orlando. Picture for yourself the rest of this delightful episode. Is there any touch of humor in it?

266-267. Overthrown . . . enemies. Rosalind's voice sinks as she makes this confession. Added to Orlando's personality and prowess at wrestling, what circumstances have helped to win her heart for him?

268. Have with you (in reply to Celia): "I'm with you."

270. Urged conference: tried to bring about conversation. Can you see any reason, in his character or circumstances, why "love at first sight" has affected Orlando so differently from Rosalind?

278. Humorous: governed by humors, i. e., moods. This is the keynote of the Duke's character. He is at present full of unreasoning suspicion toward Orlando.

296. In a better world: in a better state of affairs. This is the last we see of the formal, courtly Le Beau. What kind of man is he at heart?

Does the *tyrant Duke* resemble the *tyrant brother* in any further respect? Orlando's closing words contain the sum of what has happened to him in this scene. He no longer feels (as in lines 198-205 above) that he has no outlook: he has received a new joy and motive in life—Rosalind. But at the same time he has met fresh trouble, the Duke's displeasure, which drives him from her neighborhood.

Shakespeare again leaves us in suspense about his hero,—for we know that Oliver wishes him dead,—and quickly follows the two girls. Le Beau's words have made us expect trouble for Rosalind.

ACT I. SCENE III.

THE DUKE'S SENTENCE ON ROSALIND, lines 1-19

16-17. I could . . . my heart. In the preceding scene we saw first something of Rosalind's whimsical humor, and then

her frankness and earnestness. Here all three are very closely mingled in her tones.

18. **Hem:** cough. In the sparkling wits of these two girls, one word or phrase often quickly starts a chain of differing ideas. Notice just what has happened to Rosalind's metaphorical "briers" (line 12).

33. **Chase** (literally, deer hunt): following up a point, reasoning.

37-38. **Deserve well:** i. e., deserve to be hated because the banished Duke had loved his father; hence Rosalind's reply.

42. **Eyes full of anger.** With Le Beau's two last speeches in mind, do you feel that the mood in which the Duke hurried from Orlando, has had anything to do with this sudden outbreak against Rosalind?

49. **If with myself I hold intelligence** (i. e., communication): if I know my own thoughts.

55. **Purgation:** the act of proving oneself innocent (a legal term).

64-65. **Or, if we . . . no traitor.** Roused by the slur on her father (line 60), Rosalind is speaking with strong irony: 'If there is any treason in me, it was not from my father I derived it.' **Friends:** here includes relatives.

72. **Remorse:** compassion. The fact stated by Celia is quite in keeping with Frederick's character; remember his pity, at first, for Orlando (I, ii, 168-172).

75. **Still:** constantly (as frequently in the play).

77. **Juno's swans:** Shakespeare's mistake, or a misprint, for Venus' swans. According to Ovid, with whose *Metamorphoses* Shakespeare was acquainted, Venus' chariot was drawn through the air by a team of swans. Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks.

In the first part of this scene, Shakespeare has shown us the two great changes that have entered Rosalind's life since earlier in the day. Then, she had no anticipation either of any heavy care or of any strong joy; see her two speeches in I, ii, 16-17, 26-28.

ROSALIND AND CELIA PLAN FLIGHT, lines 92-140

106. **Heaven . . . pale.** The trouble which she shares with

Rosalind seems to Celia reflected in the fading daylight. Celia's constant love—not a whit affected by the Duke's attempt to arouse her jealousy—is one of the things which wins ours for Rosalind.

119. **Curtle-axe:** cutlass, short sword.

124. **That . . . semblances:** who face it out (i. e., hide their fear) by means of their clothes and demeanors. Notice how quickly Rosalind's high spirit and sense of humor reassert themselves. Contrast with this speech what she has said above since line 67.

126-127. **Jove's own page . . . Ganymede.** Ganymede was a beautiful boy whom Jove, in the form of an eagle, carried off to Olympus to serve as his cupbearer.

130. **Aliena** (Latin): "stranger."

135. **Woo him:** win him over. Remember Celia's bantering words to and about Touchstone on the lawn. Here she shows what lay beneath her words.

Act I, with its many conflicting emotions, might have left a somewhat dark impression on us if it were not for the goodness of heart and power of seeing the bright side of things, which Celia and Rosalind have shown. How do the two compare in regard to appearance, and evenness of temperament?

All the events of Act I (review them) have led up to Rosalind's banishment. Shakespeare now hastens to show us the place which she has set out for.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DUKE SENIOR IS TOLD OF JAQUES AND THE WOUNDED DEER

2. **Old Custom.** These words and what the Duke goes on to say about the changing seasons quickly make us feel that he has been in exile a long time. Since the atmosphere of Arden is to be one of contentment and quiet pleasure, Shakespeare lets the banishment recede into the dark past. In Act I it was of prime importance: it accounted for Duke Frederick's uneasiness of mind, from which sprang his treatment of Orlando and of Rosalind. See note on I, i, 124-125.

6. **As:** as for instance.

8. **Which:** in regard to which.

10. **These:** *the seasons* (line 6).

11. **Feelingly:** by making me feel. These unflattering counsellors treat the Duke like an ordinary descendant of Adam. He is contrasting their behavior with that of counsellors at the *envious court* (line 4). What unpleasant experience has he probably had with some of the latter?

13-14. **Which, like . . . in his head.** This superstition about the toad was widespread in Shakespeare's day. What is the precious stone that adversity carries in his head?

23. **Native burghers:** born citizens. **Desert:** wild (not waste). The Duke unwittingly applies the same metaphor to the deer as Jaques had; see line 55. It at once recalls Jaques' musings to the First Lord.

30-32. **Did steal behind . . . along this wood.** Summon up the scene presented by these few vivid words. The Duke's melodious verses have made us *feel* the presence of the forest; the First Lord's speech gives us certain representative objects to *see*.

33. **Sequestered:** separated from companions. Cf. line 49.

39-40. **Coursed:** chased. **Fool:** a term of fondness and pity (as in line 22 above).

57. **That poor and broken bankrupt.** Just how does this apply to the deer? See note on line 23 above.

58-60. **Thus most invectively . . . this our life.** The Duke and Jaques both moralize on what they see; but in quite different fashions; see lines 18-20 above.

67-68. **Cope:** cope with. **Matter:** subject-matter.

ACT II. SCENE II.

DUKE FREDERICK'S SUSPICION OF ORLANDO AND OLIVER

3. **Are of . . . in this:** have connived at the flight of Rosalind and Celia. Compare Frederick's speech, in tone and content, with II, i, 1-4. This scene, following Scene i, brings into strong contrast the temperaments and the circumstances of the two dukes.

7. **Untreasured:** a fine metaphor invented by Shakespeare

for the sake of Celia. We gather from this speech what the two runaways had decided in regard to "the fittest time and safest way"; see I, iii, 135-139.

16. **That youth . . . company.** Notice just what grounds Hisperia has; is her coming to such a conclusion true to human nature?

17-19. **That gallant:** i. e., Orlando. **Suddenly:** immediately (*not* unexpectedly). The bad guess of Celia's gentlewoman is sufficient to make the capricious, tyrannical Duke take quick action against the brothers; remember his feelings in regard to the de Boys family (I, ii, 236-238).

20-21. **Quail:** slacken. **These foolish runaways.** So the Duke terms the girls, although it was his own foolish anger which caused their flight. Why does he not order that Celia be brought back without Rosalind, whom he has banished?

This scene is important for the story of Oliver; for from the next scene we know that Frederick's officers will not find Orlando at home.

ACT II. SCENE III.

ORLANDO'S FLIGHT

5-6. **Why are you . . . strong and valiant.** This is a striking instance of how the words of one personage may convey to us the character of another; see introduction to Notes and Comment, page 113. Is Adam a trustworthy authority?

7-8. **So fond to:** so foolish as to. **Humorous:** capricious. Adam sums up Frederick's character in the same term as Le Beau (I, ii, 278).

13-15. **Holy traitors:** traitors free from guilt. **Envenoms:** poisons. Adam is too excited, at first, to make clear his meaning. From his next speech we learn just how Orlando's very excellence is likely to destroy him.

18. **The enemy of all your graces.** Remember Oliver's half-admission to himself of the same fact (I, i, 170-180). How does his second plot against Orlando's life compare with his first?

37. **Diverted:** turned aside. **Blood:** natural affection.

In his preceding speech, Orlando was dazed; in this, his indignation and despair break out.

39. **Thrifty hire:** hire saved by thrift. Cf. *youthful wages* (line 67 below).

52-53. **Lusty:** vigorous. **Kindly:** natural, seasonable. Adam's winter of life contains no *weakness* not due to nature (line 51).

61-62. **And having that . . . with the having:** the very gaining of promotion enables them to slacken their service.

65. **In lieu of:** in return for. Orlando speaks in a melancholy way, as he did just before the wrestling (I, ii, 198-205). But the next sentence shows how his healthy spirit is rising to the occasion.

68. **Some settled low content:** some place where we may settle down contentedly and get a humble living. The expression is a good illustration of the way in which Shakespeare packs much meaning into few words; see introduction to Notes and Comment, page 115.

71-72. **From seventeen . . . no more.** Shakespeare does not forget the pathos of the old servant's parting look at the place with which he has been connected for sixty years. Of his life during those years his preceding speeches have given some interesting glimpses.

Rosalind devising sports (I, ii) and Orlando having trouble with his brother (I, i) were in widely different circumstances. In what particulars, since then, have their lives come to resemble each other?

Observe the several ways in which Adam's function in this scene approaches that of Celia in I, iii.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

ROSALIND OVERHEARS SILVIUS, lines 1-63

6. **Doublet and hose:** 'coat and trousers'. The doublet was a tight jacket coming down a little below the girdle. In Shakespeare's day the hose were stuffed and puffed out about the hips; below, they fitted tightly like stockings. For Celia's appearance, see I, iii, 113-116.

12. **Cross:** (1) penny (so-called because in old days it had a cross stamped on it); (2) misfortune. Touchstone's fooling elicits no response; Rosalind and her cousin are not now in the mood in which they bantered him on Frederick's lawn (I, ii). Notice the characteristic way in which each of the three expresses his or her weariness.

21. **Solemn:** earnest. In Corin's first audible speech, what does *That is the way* refer to?

29. **As:** although. From line 37, judge what position the two shepherds have taken up in the scene.

45. **By hard adventure:** by painful chance. We have not heard Rosalind mention her love since I, iii, 40. Why?

50. **Chopt:** chapped.

51-52. **Peascod:** here stands for the whole plant. **Cods:** pea-pods. Touchstone goes on to call the plant *her*, just as he did the stone *him*.

56-57. **Mortal in folly:** mortally foolish. Touchstone's comical speech shows that a reminiscent vein in him had been touched by Silvius' question to Corin: *How many . . . thy fantasy* (lines 30-31).

59. **Ware:** cautious. Rosalind used the word in the sense of "aware".

61-62. **Jove . . . fashion.** With her sympathetic insight Rosalind perceives in Silvius the true passion; but how does his conduct in love compare with hers?

ROSALIND ENTERS PASTORAL LIFE, lines 64-100

66. **Clown:** boor. Notice the play on this word in Rosalind's rebuke.

72. **Desert:** uninhabited. Observe how excellently, in her dialogue with Corin, Rosalind carries out her determination to hide her own low spirits and act well her part as male escort to Celia (lines 5-8 above).

79. **The fleeces that I graze:** the sheep that I lead to pasture.

83. **Bounds of feed:** pastures.

91. **If it stand with honesty:** if it be not unfair to Silvius.

95. **Waste:** spend. Account for the difference in tone between this and Celia's preceding speech (lines 64-66).

99. **Feeder:** sheep-feeder. The true country atmosphere breathes from old Corin's speeches. He gives evidence of having a sympathetic nature; but observe the unemotional tone of his replies to the four who successively address him.

ACT II. SCENE V.

JAQUES' PARODY OF AMIENS' SONG

3-4. **And turn . . . bird's throat:** make his song harmonize with the bird-music. What manner of man is Amiens? See II, i, 18-20.

26-29. **The encounter of two dog-apes:** the meeting of two dog-faced monkeys. **Beggarly thanks:** the thanks of a beggar. How may the demeanor of an ape and of a beggar illustrate empty politeness?

32. **Cover the while:** set the table in the meantime. Amiens' words here and in lines 64-65 enable us to imagine the background of this scene.

36. **Disputable:** disputatious. What warrant is there for such a characterization of the gentle-mannered Duke? See II, i, 66-68.

48-49. **To this note:** for the same tune. **Invention:** faculty of imagination. This introduction leads Jaques' hearers to believe that he is in earnest; Amiens' response shows that he, at least, is quite deceived. But the stanza proves to be simply a distorted version of the one which has just been sung.

61-62. **'Tis a . . . a circle.** The others have gathered around Jaques; hence his explanation of the meaningless word *duc dame*.

The forbearance with which his companions treat Jaques implies a respect for him which is probably due partly to his station and partly to his intellect.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

ORLANDO SEEKS FOOD FOR ADAM

6-7. **Uncouth:** unknown. **Any thing savage:** any wild (not fierce) animal. Orlando says nothing of his own hunger.

8-9. **Thy conceit . . . powers:** you imagine yourself

nearer death than you really are. Hunger and despair have mastered Adam's confidence in his *powers* (II, iii, 47).

9. **Comfortable:** cheerful. Orlando appeals to Adam's strongest sentiment, that of devotion to his young master. Notice the mingled humor and tenderness in this sentence.

14. **Well said:** Well done! From this and what follows, picture Adam leaving the scene.

Orlando's fortunes are now at their lowest ebb. Yet that touch of melancholy and self-distrust which he has shown in previous scenes is absent. Why?

We are left to imagine why Orlando and Adam, in their search for *some settled low content* (II, iii, 68), have come to Arden.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

· JAKUES AMBITIOUS FOR MOTLEY, lines 1-87

Enter Duke senior, Amiens. See the last line of Scene v.

5-6. **Compact of jars:** made up of discords. **The spheres:** the eight concentric spheres in which, according to the ancient belief, the heavenly bodies were fixed. It was fancied that each, in its revolution, yielded a note, and that the eight notes together made a sublime harmony. The speech touches on the main function of Jaques in the play: he is the discordant note in the harmonious life of the Duke and the other forest dwellers.

11. **You look merrily.** In Scene i we heard of Jaques' weeping. Compare his present mood with that in Scene v.

13. **A miserable world!** An exclamation characteristic of Jaques.

16. **Railed on Lady Fortune.** Jaques had apparently listened awhile unseen before accosting Touchstone. The court fool, of all men, was little likely to delight long in forest solitude; hence his half-melancholy, half-comic musings, just now, on fortune, which had brought him there, and on time, which hangs heavy on his hands.

19. **Call me not . . . me fortune.** There was a proverb: "Fortune favors fools."

36. **O worthy fool.** Jaques' chuckling keeps him from immediately answering the Duke's question.

39-40. Which is . . . after a voyage. A slow but retentive mind was thought to be the result of a hard, dry brain. Observe, then, the connection of this comparison with all the rest of the sentence.

44. Suit. For the double meaning, see note on I, ii, 258. His meeting with Touchstone has inspired Jaques with a notable idea: if I, a wise and experienced man, might have a jester's liberty to speak without offense, I could renovate society with my criticism.

56-57. Anatomized: see note on I, i, 162. Squandering glances: random hits.

66. Brutish sting: animal passion. Jaques' ill-spent youth partly accounts for his present pessimistic attitude toward life. The Duke's point is: In your exhortations, you would simply make the world acquainted with more vice.

71. Tax: censure. Notice that Jaques does not meet the Duke's excellent stricture; see preceding note. He simply continues his argument to the effect that he would not do anyone wrong. The whole speech deals with pride of dress.

79-80. Basest function: lowest occupation. His bravery is not on my cost: his finery is none of my business, as I do not bear the expense.

85-86. Free: innocent. Taxing: see note on *Tax*, line 71.

We have now had a fairly complete view of Jaques' character, with its mingled charm and weakness. Observe the several ways in which Scenes i and v led up to this dialogue between him and the Duke.

Jaques' account of Touchstone shows us that the household of Rosalind and Celia cannot be far distant from this part of the forest. In the meantime Orlando has been approaching from another direction.

ORLANDO JOINS THE OUTLAWS, lines 88-200

94. Vein: state of mind. Remember his promise to Adam at the close of Scene vi.

96-97. Inland: as opposed to outlying, thinly populated districts, such as Arden; hence, in touch with civilization. Nurture: culture. What is it that makes Orlando suddenly resume his rough tone after this word?

107. **Savage:** see note on II, vi, 6-7.

113-117. **If ever you . . . and be pitied.** These beautiful verses call up three definite images of civilized life, in contrast to that under the melancholy boughs. Each of the three makes a deep impression on the banished Duke; see the next speech.

125. **Upon command:** at your will.

139. **All the world's a stage.** After his initial brusqueness to Orlando, Jaques became silent. The tender-heartedness beneath his cynicism has been touched by the young man's distress. He now seizes upon the Duke's metaphor and expresses his feelings,—not in gentle words, like the Duke,—but in the way we should expect: by a clever satire on the littlenesses of this troubled life.

151. **Jealous:** suspicious (not *envious*).

156. **Modern instances:** commonplace illustrations. The fourth and fifth ages are represented by particular vocations. What period of manhood does each stand for?

158. **Pantaloon:** a silly old man. Consult the Glossary.

160. **Hose.** See note on II, iv, 6.

163. **His:** its.

167. **Venerable burden.** Adam enters in the same fashion as that in which he left Scene vi.

178. **Because thou art not seen.** The winter wind is impersonal; its unkindness does not hurt like that of a seen and known person. Cf. the thought of II, i, 6-11.

183. **This life:** life in the forest amid *the green holly*. This song gives final expression to the dominant feeling of Act II: forest-content tempered with world-sadness. All the characters,—with the exception of Corin and Silvius, who play a more important part in the next two acts,—are city people and have always a consciousness of the evils of the outside world. This consciousness has been deepened for the moment by the arrival of the two new exiles. Hence the strain of bitterness in the song is very marked; contrast the verses of Scene v.

192. **Whispered.** Connect this word with the Duke's preceding speech and judge what he has been doing in the meantime.

193-194. **Effigies:** likeness. **Limned:** drawn.

Compare the second part of this scene with the account of the same incident given in Lodge's novel; see Introduction, page xv. In what ways are Orlando's speeches and actions, when he interrupts the banquet, more natural under the circumstances than those of Rosader?

In Act I, the main plot—the story of Orlando and Rosalind—was developed rapidly. Act II has been chiefly concerned with creating a new background; to what extent has it advanced the plot?

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVER SENT TO FIND ORLANDO

3-4. Argument of my revenge: object for my revenge to deal with. The Duke's suspicion of Orlando (II, ii) has deepened into certainty. Why?

11. Quit: acquit. Observe the irony of Oliver's fate: the Duke naturally thinks that, with brotherly affection, he has aided Orlando's flight. Recall what really happened (II, iii).

14. I never . . . my life: a fact which Oliver will have good reason to brood upon during his search. Nothing could be more likely than such a sentence as that imposed by the Duke to break Oliver's will. The tone of his reply shows that his pride has already weakened.

15. More villain thou. Is it in accordance with human nature that the Duke should utter such a rebuke? Remember his treatment of his own brother.

17-18. An extent upon: a complete valuation of. **Expediently:** expeditiously.

This scene takes us back in time. Shakespeare presents it just after he has shown Orlando safe and settled, thus making us realize the problem Oliver has before him; and just before restoring Orlando to Rosalind, thus bringing out by contrast the changed fortunes of the two brothers.

ACT III. SCENE II.

ORLANDO'S LOVE VERSES, lines 1-266

One should bear in mind the two dwelling-places: the Duke's forest cave (II, vii, 197) and Rosalind's cottage at the edge of the wood (see lines 353-355 below). They are not shown us—from now on all the scenes are laid in the open air among the trees—but they are occasionally referred to. The cave forms a center for the sylvan life of the Duke's company; the cottage, for the pastoral life of Rosalind's associates. Of the cave group, only Orlando and Jaques appear in this act. The pastoral life is at once brought vividly before us by the dialogue between Corin and the fool, below.

4. **Thy huntress' name.** Orlando refers to Rosalind as one of the attendant nymphs of Luna or Diana, moon-goddess and patroness of the chase.

10. **Unexpressive:** inexpressible. Orlando has now much leisure for thinking upon his passion, which he did not mention in Act II. Notice his two methods of celebrating Rosalind's name.

18-19. **But in respect . . . is tedious.** See note on II, vii, 16.

38-39. **Like an ill-roasted egg all on one side:** like an egg spoilt by being roasted only on one side.

42. **Manners:** (1) behavior; (2) morals. It is by passing imperceptibly from the first to the second meaning that Touchstone makes his point.

50. **But you kiss your hands:** without kissing your hands. Corin does not detect Touchstone's ambiguous use of the word *manners*; what is his general line of defense?

57. **Mutton:** sheep.

75-76. **God make incision in thee:** (referring to the medical practice of blood-letting) God cure thee. **Raw:** green, inexperienced. Touchstone maintains throughout the superior, man-of-the-world bearing towards Corin which he assumed at their first meeting (II, iv, 66-68).

79-80. **Content with my harm:** resigned to misfortune.

Corin sees country life in its true light, neither over-praising nor underestimating it; see note on II, iv, 99.

91-92. **My new mistress's brother.** This is the first hint of such a relationship; since II, iv the two have told their shepherd an innocent fable.

97. **Lined:** delineated.

103. **Butter-women's rank:** a file of butter-women, monotonously jog-trotting one after the other. In what ways does this metaphor apply to Orlando's poem?

109. **Will after kind:** will follow its nature.

125-128. **Medlar:** with a play on "meddler". The whole passage is a thrust at Touchstone's meddlesomeness: he is as forward as fruit that appears early and rots quickly.

136-138. **Civil:** of civilized life. **Erring:** wandering.

147-148. **The quintessence of every sprite:** the best quality of every living spirit. **In little:** in miniature. The rest of the poem is simply an expansion of the idea here put forward.

153-156. **Helen's . . . heart.** Helen is the beautiful woman in Homer's *Iliad* who deserted her Greek husband, Menelaus, for the Trojan Paris, and to regain whom the Greeks besieged Troy. **Cleopatra's majesty.** The story of Cleopatra, the resplendent queen of Egypt who tried to maintain her independence in the face of the growing Roman empire, is told in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. **Lucretia's Modesty.** Lucretia was an early Roman matron, famous for her beauty as well as for her purity. She is the central figure in Shakespeare's poem, *The Rape of Lucrece*.

163. **Pulpiter:** preacher.

171. **Scrip:** shepherd's pouch. Touchstone converts an urban saying into a pastoral one. Judging from the preceding speech, what have he and Corin been doing since line 130 above?

179. **Without:** outside of. In this and her two preceding speeches Rosalind has assumed a matter-of-fact air, pretending that she has no curiosity as to the authorship of the verses.

186-187. **Berhymed . . . Irish rat.** Pythagoras, an early Greek philosopher, held that human souls could inhabit the bodies of animals. There was a superstition that Irish witches

could destroy rats with rimes. This speech shows that at Celia's entrance Rosalind had concealed the paper she herself had found. What was her purpose in so doing?

191. **A chain.** See I, ii, 258. This is Celia's first hint of the great news she has to tell. By reading aloud her paper without comment, she had mischievously hoped to draw from Rosalind some expressions of wonderment.

204. **Good my complexion!** Rosalind humorously exclaims against the blushes which have drawn Celia's banter upon her; see line 192 above.

206-207. **One inch . . . of discovery.** Interpret this in the light of the whole speech: if you delay a second longer, my woman's curiosity will be as boundless as the unexplored South-Sea, or Pacific Ocean.

221. **Stay:** wait for

226. **Sad:** serious. And such is the tone of Celia's answer.

233-234. **Wherein went he:** how was he attired? This question Celia manages to answer in line 258 below.

239-240. **'Tis a word . . . age's size:** the *one word* you ask for (see line 237) is too big for any mouth except that of Gargantua ("Great Throat"), a giant in an old story by Rabelais, a French humorist.

245-247. **Resolve:** solve, answer. **Observance:** attention. Rosalind is too excited to obey the injunction. The three successive bits of description which Celia gives her each suggest thoughts which she is unable to contain; see lines 263-264.

257. **Holla:** whoa! Notice the metaphor involved in this word and *curvets*.

260. **Heart:** with a play on "hart".

Rosalind might have been made to come upon Orlando as he was hanging up his verses; or, like Celia, to find him reclining after his labors. What advantages has the present arrangement?

GANYMEDE PROPOSES A CURE FOR ORLANDO, lines 267-457

273-274. **God be . . . we can.** "God be wi' you," "God b' w' you," or "God b' w' ye" are the older forms of "Goodbye." After this rude farewell, why does Jaques still remain? See lines 293-296 below.

289. **Conned them out of rings:** learnt your answers from the sayings engraved inside rings in goldsmiths' shops.

290. **Right painted-cloth:** in the very language of painted cloth hangings. These, which had the same function as our modern wall-paper, were adorned with mottoes and sayings.

297-298. **I will . . . most faults.** Orlando's low estimation of his own qualities has appeared before. The vehemence of this speech is due to his dislike of Jaques' self-satisfaction. But Jaques' answer shows that he is as impervious to the implied rebuke as he was to that of the Duke; see note on II, vii, 71.

316. **Very well.** As Orlando has already talked with Celia, he shows no surprise at seeing the two strangers. Would his present mood, too, help to account for this curt reply?

334. **Hard:** uneasy. Cf. line 331. 'Jolted' by hopes and fears, the maid seems to live through seven years in a week. Contrast the *easy* pace described in the next speech.

352. **Where . . . youth?** This sudden personal question shows that Orlando has become thoroughly interested in the clever boy; see V, iv, 28-30.

362-363. **Religious:** living a hermit's life. **Inland.** See note on II, vii, 96.

364. **Courtship** has the double meaning of "life at court" and "wooing". Observe how Rosalind is contriving to lead Orlando to the subject of his love. Her first endeavor, lines 320-323 above, was unsuccessful; why?

382. **Fancy-monger:** dealer in love-fancies. For *fancy* consult the Glossary.

392-393. **Blue eye:** eyes dark about the lids. **Unquestionable:** unwilling to be talked to. Rosalind takes the opportunity to feed her eyes on every detail of her lover's appearance.

396. **Simply:** indeed. **Having:** possession. For the fact thus humorously rendered, cf. line 219 above.

398. **Bonnet unbanded:** hat with the band off.

421. **A dark house and a whip:** the old method of treating insane people. Rosalind covers her joy at Orlando's certainty of the depth of his love with a new outburst of boisterous humor, at the same time setting on foot her scheme for ensuring further meetings.

435. **Color:** kind (as in I, ii, 107).

436-437. **Entertain him:** accept him as my lover.

443-445. **Wash your liver . . . of love in't.** The liver was held to be the seat of the passions, such as love. Rosalind's simile is in keeping with her guise of shepherd-youth.

450. **I will.** Why does Orlando, just after having said he does not wish to be cured, assent to Ganymede's proposition? See note on line 352 above.

Rosalind's second meeting with Orlando is the crisis, the center-point of the play. The rest of the main plot is devoted to its results. The chief of these Shakespeare reserves for Act IV, and, in the remainder of the present act, takes up the stories of two pairs of very different lovers.

ACT III. SCENE III.

TOUCHSTONE POSTPONES HIS MARRIAGE

8-9. **Capricious:** (from the Latin *capra*, a goat) originally meant *goatish*; Touchstone plays on the two senses of the word. **Goths:** pronounced "Gotes"; hence a pun on *goats*. Audrey's occupation was considered much lower than that of a shepherd. In her company Touchstone can indulge his feeling of courtly superiority to the full.

10-11. **Ill-inhabited:** having a poor habitation (i. e., a fool). **Worse . . . house:** worse than having the greatest of the gods in a poor cottage. The allusion is to the Greek story, as told by Ovid, of Baucis and Philemon, an aged Phrygian woman and her husband, who entertained unawares Zeus and Hermes while these gods were traveling in disguise.

15. **Than a . . . little room:** than being presented with an unexpectedly large bill in a poor inn. Nothing could better express the one way in which Audrey disturbs that self-complacency of Touchstone's which in other respects she is designed to flatter; see note on line 9 above.

21. Supply *it* before *may be said*.

26. **Honest.** Consult the Glossary.

32. **Material:** full of matter, ideas. The same comment has been passed on Jaques himself; see II, i, 68.

36. **Foul:** homely. Cf. line 33. Touchstone's light regard

for Audrey's simple goodness must not be taken too seriously: it is part of his man-of-the-world attitude.

58. **Rascal:** a lean, worthless deer.

62. **Defense:** the art of defense.

64. **Sir:** the title which was formerly given to a priest.

75. **God 'ild you:** God yield, i. e., reward you.

76-77. **Toy:** a trifling matter. **Pray be covered.** Jaques has kept his hat off in mock deference to the other three. The fool reciprocates by adopting a patronizing air.

80. **Bow:** collar.

The relations between the matter-of-fact Touchstone and the unromantic Audrey provide comic relief for the love theme of the two scenes between which the present one falls.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

ROSALIND WAITING FOR ORLANDO

1. **I will weep.** Cf. II, iv, 4-5. But in the present instance the mood is much more pronounced; why?

9. **Something browner than Judas's.** It was traditional that Judas had red hair. Dark red hair was considered an indication of a deceitful nature; see preceding line.

16. **Cast:** chaste; with a pun on *cast* in the sense of "cast-off".

17-19. **A nun of . . . is in them.** Celia invents a religious order symbolic of the *ice of chastity*. From this and the preceding speech one gathers that Orlando has already been acting his part of pretended wooer.

35-37. **He attends . . . your father.** Celia suddenly puts off her jesting tone and seriously suggests a reason for Orlando's non-appearance. Behind her sprightly banter there is always a tender sympathy with Rosalind's mood. Cf. I, iii, 1-5.

38. **Question:** conversation. The reason Rosalind did not at once make herself known to her father, whom she had come to Arden to seek (I, iii, 109), is suggested in this speech.

45-48. **Quite traverse . . . noble goose.** By not riding in a straight line, a tilter might break his lance clumsily across his adversary's breast, instead of directly against it.

ACT III. SCENE V.

ROSALIND REBUKES PHEBE'S PRIDE, lines 1-80

6. **But first begs pardon.** For the construction, see note on III, ii, 50. It was the custom for the executioner to kneel and ask the victim's pardon.

7. **Dies and lives by:** makes his whole living from. Cf. line 4.

23. **Cicatrice and capable impressure:** mark and perceptible impression. See *cicatrice* in the Glossary. Phebe's whole speech has for its text her two opening lines. Her point is: The fine illustration you have given does not apply to my case at all.

38-39. **I see no . . . dark to bed:** your beauty is not so brilliant as to give light in the dark, if you go to bed without a candle. **May:** is likely to.

43. **Sale-work:** ready-made goods. Rosalind returns to the metaphor in line 60 below.

47. **Bugle:** black glass bead. One may gather from Rosalind's words that Phebe is a pretty brunette.

50. **Like foggy . . . and rain.** Wet winds come from the south. Just how does the simile apply to Silvius?

51. **Properer:** handsomer. Cf. *proper*, line 55. The contrast which Rosalind draws between the looks of Phebe and of Silvius is perhaps the sharpest of all her thrusts at the girl's personal vanity.

62. **Foul:** ugly (as in III, iii, 39).

66-70. From the pronouns in this speech, judge when Rosalind is looking at Phebe and when at Silvius.

74-75. **If you . . . hard by.** Why does Rosalind give Phebe the information just after having repulsed her?

Herself deeply in love with a *good man*, Rosalind can have little patience with Phebe's attitude; see lines 57-58 above. What other reasons are there for her so drastic intervention on behalf of Silvius? See note on II, iv, 61-62.

PHEBE FINDS A USE FOR SILVIUS, lines 81-139

81. **Dead shepherd:** a reference to the poet Marlowe,

from whom the ensuing quotation is taken. Phebe is so pre-occupied that she has forgotten the presence of Silvius; see her next speech; with what movement is it accompanied?

85. **Why . . . Silvius.** Observe Phebe's new tone to her lover; what she little expected has come to pass; see lines 31-34 above.

93. **Yet it is not:** the time is not yet come. The reader, knowing the hopelessness of her love for Ganymede, feels that such a time may be nearer than Phebe suspects. Her new-born sympathy for Silvius will make their constant companionship bear fruit.

104. **Scattered.** Notice how this word keeps up the metaphor which runs through this fine speech. Silvius of course suspects that Ganymede will reap the *main harvest*.

106. **I have met him oft.** This is one of the very frequent hints in regard to what occurs between the scenes. We have never seen Silvius meet Rosalind before.

123. **Mingled damask:** the red, mixed with white, of Rosalind's cheek, in contrast to the full red of her lip. Note the difference between the looks of Rosalind and Phebe.

125. **In parcels:** bit by bit. In the same manner and for the same reason Rosalind observed closely Orlando's appearance; see note on III, ii, 392-393.

138. **Passing:** exceedingly.

Account for the extent to which blank verse is used in this act; see introduction to Notes and Comment, page 115.

Phebe's sudden infatuation for Ganymede is the second important event of this act. For its results Shakespeare keeps us waiting, just as he has for a further meeting between Orlando and Rosalind; see final note on Scene ii above.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE MOCK WOOING, lines 1-110

4. **I do love it.** For another version of the same fact, see II, v, 12-14.

7. **Modern censure:** commonplace criticism. Rosalind implies that Jaques' affected melancholy is more open to ridicule

than drunkenness. Her keen wit can give him a severer thrust than honest Orlando was able to in III, ii.

11. **Emulation.** The scholar's melancholy is due to his envy of the intellectual achievements of others. Observe how each of the subsequent epithets (*fantastical*, *proud*, etc.) at once describes and accounts for the kind of melancholy in question.

24. **Rich eyes.** The force of this is clear from Jaques' answer.

34-38. **Disable:** decry. **Swam in a gondola:** been at Venice. Why does Rosalind keep talking after Jaques, instead of replying to Orlando's *blank verse* (line 30)?

42-43. **Within an hour of my promise.** See III, iv, 20-21.

48-49. **Cupid hath . . . heart-whole:** love (like a legal official) may have tapped him by way of arrest, but has not taken any bit of his heart into custody.

67. **Leer:** appearance. Celia's single sly jest reminds us that she is looking on with interest and amusement. Her quiet humor, so voluble when she and her cousin are alone, retires before the dazzling play of wit which Orlando's presence calls forth from Rosalind. Cf. III, ii.

68-69. **In a holiday humor.** Rosalind is acting the part of changeable mistress, as she promised to in III, ii. At the same time she is really very anxious to hear from Orlando words that he would say to his *very very Rosalind*.

74. **Gravelled:** stuck (like a boat in shallow water).

94. **By attorney:** by proxy.

97-106. **Troilus . . . Leander . . . Hero of Sestos.** Troilus, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, fell madly in love with Cressida, daughter of the seer Calchas, during the Trojan war. When she turned her affections to the Greek Diomedes, Troilus endeavored to lose his life in battle with the Greeks. The story is told in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. According to Greek legend, Leander, after visiting Hero, the beautiful maiden of Sestos, was drowned while attempting to swim home to Abydos, across the Hellespont. Rosalind playfully says that Leander's death was caused by a cramp while he was out bathing, though the poets and chroniclers, like a foolish coroner's jury, have brought in a verdict that his death was

due to his love for Hero. The story is told in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE, lines 111-224

112. Coming-on: yielding. Ganymede adopts a different attitude from the one she has just been assuming (see line 92 above) in order to lead up to the mock marriage ceremony. To Orlando, of course, the affair is simply pastime; to her it means a great deal: she is really plighting her troth to her lover.

116. Yes, faith, will I. The part Rosalind is now acting corresponds so nearly to her feelings that a dangerous tenderness creeps into her light tone. But observe, in her next speech, the quick reaction. The swift transition in her tone from half-tenderness to a concealing boisterousness, and then back again, constitutes the main charm of the scene and should be closely followed below.

140. Before: faster than. Rosalind has not waited for Celia to say her part. Observe the double-meaning, imperceptible to Orlando, in the remainder of the speech.

151. Barbary cock-pigeon: one of a breed of domestic pigeons introduced into England from Barbary, having a short, broad beak and related to the carriers.

152. Against rain: before rain. **New-fangled:** fond of novelty.

154-155. I will . . . the fountain. In Shakespeare's time fountain figures of Diana weeping were very common.

177-178. Her husband's occasion: an occasion for taking advantage of him. Rosalind is now talking of married couples in the same jesting vein as that in which she dealt with lovers in the first part of the scene.

201. Religion: sense of obligation.

204. Try: bring them to trial.

205. Misused: abused. Orlando gone, Celia immediately gives voice to her pent-up banter. Observe the extent to which Rosalind has deserved the rebuke; see note on lines 177-178 above.

222. Shadow: a shady spot. To what extent does Rosalind's tone here differ from that in line 182 above?

Compare this scene with the account of the same incident in Lodge's novel; see Introduction, pages xvi-xvii. Observe (1) the particulars which Shakespeare has suppressed; (2) the very different nature of Rosalind's speeches to Rosader.

Rosalind's closing speech testifies to a truth of which there are many other indications: her love at first sight (I, ii) has been deepened by time and experience and, most of all, by her talks with Orlando; see note on III, iv, 1.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

SINGING HOME THE HUNTSMAN

5-6. **Branch of victory.** It was the custom to present the most skilful huntsman with a garland or some such token. Notice the pun on the word *branch*. Jaques' sentimental pity for hunted deer (II, i, 25-28) does not prevent him from taking part in the celebration of a successful hunt.

9-10. **Sing it . . . noise enough.** Cf. Jaques' earlier comment on singing, II, v, 17-18.

12. **Horns to wear.** The jocular theme of the song is in line with Jaques' suggestion (lines 4-5). The carcass of the deer is of course needed for the Duke's table.

13. **Then . . . burden:** probably a stage-direction, i. e., intended only for the actors. The whole company join in the ensuing *burden*, or refrain, and move off with the successful huntsman in their midst.

This lively little scene reminds us of the purely sylvan life of the Duke's company which is going on in the background; see introductory note to III, ii. It serves also to fill in the two hours which elapse between scenes i and iii.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

PHEBE'S LOVE-LETTER, lines 1-75

7. **This.** Here Silvius hands over the letter, and while he is uttering apologetic words—characteristic of his gentle nature—Rosalind opens and glances through it.

9. **Stern brow and waspish action.** Phebe has thus deceived Silvius in regard to the tenor of the letter by her demeanor as well as by her statement previous to writing it (III, v, 134).

14. **Play the swaggerer:** act like a bully.

25. **Freestone-colored:** of the color of brownish-yellow stone.

29. **A man's invention and his hand:** a man's ideas and hand-writing. Cf. lines 33-34 below.

35-36. **Such Ethiope . . . their countenance:** the thought they express is blacker than their appearance on paper.

39. **She Phebes me:** she addresses me in the Phebe-style, i. e., tyrannically. Rosalind has ironically represented the letter as having, as Silvius supposes, *an angry tenor*, in order now to arouse his indignation by suddenly showing him how deceived he has been.

49. **Meaning me a beast.** What Phebe really means appears from the first two lines of the poem.

58. **By him seal up thy mind:** seal up your reply in a letter and send him with it. Her love-blindness has prevented Phebe from perceiving how impossible it would be for a person of Ganymede's frank nature to be a party to her deception of Silvius.

73-74. **If you . . . not a word:** if you really love her you will not entreat me to have her.

Considering Phebe's treatment of Silvius, what in Rosalind's reply to the letter, and in her method of transmitting it, is especially calculated to break the girl's pride?

OLIVER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION, lines 76-183

79-81. **Neighbor bottom:** neighboring valley. **Rank:** row. **Left:** passed by; this word modifies *stream*. What new details are here given in regard to the position and immediate surroundings of the cottage?

87-88. **Of female . . . ripe sister:** feminine in appearance, and conducts himself as if he were Celia's elder sister. Whose *tongue* gave Oliver this description appears from line 153 below.

94. **Napkin:** handkerchief. See line 98.

102. **Fancy.** Consult the Glossary.

105-106. **An oak . . . dry antiquity.** Compare the details given in this description with those in II, i, 31-32.

107. **A wretched . . . with hair.** This line makes one think of the physical suffering which Oliver has undergone during his wanderings. Does it suggest any corresponding mental struggle which would help to account for his subsequent conversion? See note on III, i, 14.

113. **Indented:** zigzag. Test the force of each of the other terms applied to the snake's appearance and movements.

123. **Render:** report. For the dramatic effect of this speech, see note on III, v, 106.

135. **Contrive:** plan. Celia has been prepared by Orlando's conversation to take an interest in Oliver; see preceding note. Rosalind, on the other hand, is chiefly interested in Orlando's treatment of him; see her two questions above.

142. **As:** for instance (as in II, i, 6).

160. **There . . . Ganymede.** In her alarm, Celia almost gives away Rosalind's secret: she does not accede to Oliver's explanation of the swoon, and then forgets to call her cousin "Brother."

171-172. **Passion of earnest:** real emotion.

181. **Rosalind.** Oliver adopts his brother's name for Ganymede—half in fun and half in sympathy for the supposed youth's weakness. One important function of this scene is to show the better side of Oliver's nature; see note on I, i, 177.

The major part of this act is devoted to the results flowing from the two central events of the play; see final note on Act III. Observe that the stories (1) of Rosalind and Orlando, and (2) of Rosalind and Phebe, are now so far advanced that in each case we are prepared for a decisive outcome. The conversion of Oliver starts a development which, in the next act, brings on the conclusion.

ACT V. SCENE I.

TOUCHSTONE DISCOMFITS HIS RIVAL

3-4. **For . . . saying:** in spite of what the old gentleman said; see III, iii, 84-90.

11-14. **Clown: lout. We shall be flouting; we cannot hold:** we must needs be mocking people; we cannot restrain ourselves. Remember Touchstone's delight in discomfiting also Corin.

16. **God ye:** God give you.

30-31. **Art thou wise?** This question is in substance the same as Touchstone's first one to Corin (III, ii, 22-23) and has the same purpose, namely, to lead the other to expose himself and feel his inferiority to Touchstone.

35-39. **The heathen philosopher . . . lips to open.** William is probably gaping at the other two; Touchstone therefore suggests that *wise* men open their lips to better purpose.

48. **Ipse** (Latin): "he himself." The point of Touchstone's nonsensical *figure in rhetoric* was: Audrey cannot belong to two men. He now adds: I am the man.

52. **In the vulgar:** in common speech. While lacking Corin's intelligence, William has the same genuine rural self-sufficiency; hence his stolid complacency, quite impervious to Touchstone's wit. The fool's only course is to overwhelm him, in rising tones, with language he cannot understand.

61. **Bandy with thee in faction:** contend with you by means of conspiracy.

68-69. **Trip Audrey . . . I attend.** Touchstone hastily dismisses Audrey in one direction and follows Corin in the other.

ACT V. SCENE II.

GANYMEDE'S PROMISE TO PRODUCE ROSALIND

4. **Persever:** persevere; so spelled becaused pronounced *perséver*.

13. **Estate:** settle. Oliver is of course now in a position to resume his property, which Duke Frederick is temporarily

withholding (III, i, 9-12). The two brothers are probably on their way to the cottage. We are given just the close of their conversation, but enough to show us how different is the attitude of each toward the other from what it was in the first part of I, i.

14. **Live and die a shepherd.** Oliver has felt the charm of the forest; it has undoubtedly helped to bring out his better nature. Observe that, since the opening lines of Act II, Shakespeare has constantly been showing the gentleness, cheerfulness, and contentment in human nature—all thriving in the forest atmosphere.

20. **Brother.** Rosalind, with a smile, addresses Oliver thus because he is the lover of her supposed sister. Oliver, chiming in with her humor, calls her *sister*, because she is the pretended betrothed of his brother; see note on IV, iii, 181.

34-35. **I . . . overcame:** a translation of Julius Cæsar's famous saying in regard to his own military skill, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

36. **No sooner met but they looked.** See note on IV, iii, 135; consider whether in that scene there were any evidences of attraction between Oliver and Celia, and any circumstances which would favor its growth.

42-44. **Incontinent:** without the slightest delay. **They are in . . . cannot part them.** In Rosalind's whimsical fancy, the impetuosity of the lovers is like that of wrathful combatants eager to get at each other.

59. **Conceit:** understanding.

66. **Conversed with:** been acquainted with.

67. **Not damnable:** not guilty of practising black magic, which was an offense against both the state and the moral law; it was sometimes punished with death. Rosalind's friend practises white, i. e., innocent, magic—by means of science, not by league with the devil.

69. **Gesture:** behavior. **Cries it out:** proclaims.

71. **Into what straits of fortune.** Oliver has of course brought from court the news of the flight of Rosalind and Celia.

77. **Tender dearly:** hold dear. See note on line 67 above.

88. **Him.** Rosalind strongly emphasizes this word; she wishes Phebe to transfer her looks and love from Ganymede to

Silvius. The emphasis appears in the meter: *Look upon him, love him; he worships you.*

90. It is . . . and tears. See note on III, v, 50.

94. And I for no woman. Imagine the tone of Rosalind's voice here. Ostensibly she is asserting her own "heart-wholeness" over against the love-sickness of her companions; in reality her mood is echoing their wistfulness.

109. To love: for loving. As Silvius has finished the statement she asked of him (line 89), Phebe this time takes the lead and gives her reply, which she has till now withheld, to Rosalind's exhortation; see note on line 88 above.

Observe the way in which Oliver's desire for a quick marriage has served to hasten the conclusion of the stories of the other lovers.

ACT V. SCENE III.

TOUCHSTONE LISTENS TO A LOVE SONG

1. To-morrow. See final note on Scene ii above; and infer what has passed in the meantime between Touchstone and Rosalind.

4-5. Dishonest: immodest. A woman of the world: a married woman.

10. Sit i' the middle. This enables one to picture the group of four during the song.

11. Clap into 't roundly: strike into it straightway.

13. Are the only: are only the.

15-16. A tune . . . a horse: one tune . . . one horse.

20. Ring time: marriage season.

35-37. Though there . . . very untuneable: there was not much sense in the words, nor have you rendered the music *both in a tune* (line 15).

The pages' carol, with its theme of lovers' taking the present time, provides a suitable interlude between two scenes occupied with marriage preparations. For the further purpose of this brief scene, see final note on IV, ii.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

TOUCHSTONE BEFORE THE DUKE, lines 1-113

4. **As those . . . they fear.** In my most sanguine mood I am afraid I am building only on hope, and I am conscious of a fearful anxiety that nothing will come of it: the hope is uncertain; the fear is certain. The Duke's question is one which the reader, too, is inclined to ask. Orlando's answer is perfectly satisfying: his desire for Rosalind, made desperate by his mock wooing of Ganymede (see V, ii, 55), will snatch at any straw.

8. **That would . . . with her.** This hearty speech evinces the admiration which the Duke has conceived for Orlando during their association in the forest, of which we have seen only the beginning; see the closing speech of II, vii.

See explanation of feminine endings in the introduction to Notes, page 117; notice the number of these endings in lines 8-34, and determine whether the effect has anything to do with the tone of this part of the scene.

27. **Lively:** life-like. **Favor:** looks.

32-33. **His uncle . . . great magician.** Orlando's speech shows that he has been revolving in his mind the source and the possibilities of Ganymede's magic art. He has concluded, without warrant, that the *uncle* and the *magician* mentioned by Rosalind are identical; see III, ii, 361-363 and V, ii, 64-68.

35. **Toward:** at hand.

45-48. **Purgation:** see note on I, iii, 55. **Measure:** a courtly dance, in which the movements were slow and measured. **Like:** was likely. Observe the comic effect of the cumulative order of Touchstone's proofs.

50. **Ta'en up:** made up. Cf. line 104 below.

56. **I desire you of:** I wish to you. **The like:** the same. The fool meets the Duke on equal footing; see note on I, ii, 60-61.

58. **Copulatives:** Touchstone's fancy word for people wishing to be married. He is taxing his vocabulary to the utmost for the occasion.

62-63. **Rich honesty . . . poor house.** Compare what

Touchstone says here about Audrey's sterling inner quality with his earlier remarks on the same subject, and account for the difference; see note on III, iii, 36.

65. **Sententious:** full of pithy sayings.

67. **Bolt:** a clumsy arrow used for shooting short distances. There was a proverb: "A fool's bolt is soon shot." Touchstone's rejoinder therefore means: Yes, in accordance with the nature of such sweet disorders as the fool's clumsy wit.

72. **Seeming:** seemingly. Conjecture what Audrey is doing.

73. **Dislike:** express dislike for.

80. **Disabled:** as in IV, i, 34.

94. O, sir . . . the book. Touchstone had of course invented the seven degrees, at the same time representing them as established custom. Jaques is curious to see whether he can remember them. Touchstone triumphantly replies: O yes; I have learnt them from books. There were actually, in Shakespeare's day, certain books on the etiquette of quarreling. What are the seven degrees in a quarrel?

112-113. **Stalking-horse:** a horse, or a painted image of one, under cover of which the hunter approached his game. The Duke means: He is not such a fool as he pretends. **He shoots his wit.** The Duke probably has in mind the metaphor which Touchstone used above in affected dispraise of his own wit; see note on line 67.

Observe what thorough advantage Touchstone has taken of the opening provided by the mention of his having been a courtier (line 42 above). Meanwhile Rosalind and Celia have had time to arrange their little pageant.

THE NEWS OF DÜKE FREDERICK'S CONVERSION, lines 114-204

Still music: low music.

116. **Atone:** become at one. By having a person attired as Hymen, god of marriage, present her to the Duke, Rosalind wished to symbolize the fact that it was her desire to marry Orlando which restored her at this time to her father.

141. **Sure together:** indissolubly joined. This is probably spoken to Touchstone and Audrey. Hymen has passed from one pair of lovers to another, joining their hands. Observe what takes place during the ensuing song.

154. **Even daughter:** dear as a daughter.

156. **Fancy:** love. **Combine:** bind. For the change in Phebe's attitude toward Silvius, see note on III, v, 93.

162. **Addressed a mighty power:** got ready a great army. The moody Duke Frederick's attitude toward the exiled band had changed; see I, i, 105-109.

163. **In his own conduct:** under his own leadership.

166. **An old religious man.** See note on III, ii, 362. Was such a sudden conversion consistent with Frederick's character? See note on I, iii, 72.

173-175. **Thou offer'st fairly:** you bring splendid gifts. **A potent dukedom.** To which brother does this gift fall, and how?

179. **Shrewd:** harsh.

194. **You to . . . doth merit.** This in spite of his former sneers at Orlando's love; see III, ii, 299-300. The happy turn of events has shaken Jaques for the moment out of his satiric attitude; the true feeling which there is in him appears strongly. Hence, too, his parting thrust at his former favorite, Touchstone, in whom he has found a tinge of his own cynicism.

EPILOGUE

2-3. **Unhandsome:** unbecoming. It was not the common custom in Shakespeare's time to have the prologue or epilogue spoken by a character in the play. **The lord:** the hero of the play.

4. **Needs no bush:** requires no recommendation. A bush or tuft of ivy was the sign customarily hung at the door of a wine-dealer.

9. **Insinuate with you:** ingratiate myself with you.

18-19. **If I were a woman.** The epilogue was delivered by the boy who acted the part of Rosalind. In the public theaters of Shakespeare's day female rôles were taken by men or boys.

20-21. **Liked:** pleased. **Defied:** repudiated.

One's appreciation of *As You Like It* will be increased if, with the play fresh in mind, one considers how Shakespeare has transformed the material he took from Lodge's novel; see Introduction, pages xx-xxi.



QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY

ACT FIRST

Which of the characters in this act do not appear again? What has each of them contributed to advance the plot? What indications are there in Scene i of Orlando's physical prowess and courage? Why then has he submitted until now to ill-treatment from Oliver (see also II, iii, 31-37)? What several reasons may he have for desiring to wrestle with Charles, and why in disguise (line 131)? Does Charles seem sincere? Is there any reason for deeming his confidence of success ill-founded? What is the dramatic effect of Le Beau's news in Scene ii (lines 129-140)? How is this effect heightened by the Duke's speeches? What might Orlando have expected from the Duke after defeating Charles? What similarity is there between the causes of Rosalind's depression in the beginning of Scene ii and of Scene iii, and between her conduct in each case? Can you explain from their characters why in each of these scenes Rosalind has less than Celia to say about their mutual affection?

ACT SECOND

On what grounds might the scenes be divided into the following three groups: i, v, vi, vii; ii, iii; iv? Why does Rosalind in Scene iv, as on no other occasion, call the jester *good Touchstone* (see also I, iii, 131-135)? What good purpose does his light talk serve? How far is the difference between his and Rosalind's tone to Corin accounted for by their respective stations in life? What chief factor would in the past have drawn Adam to Orlando, rather than to Oliver? On the other hand, what special circumstances make Adam's sacrifice in Scene iii a great one? How is the action of the second group of scenes

brought into connection with that of the first group? Why did not Shakespeare place Scene i between Scenes iv and v? How is the story of the wounded deer made to yield at once characterization and scenic background? What part of it prefigures Jaques' speech in Scene vii, lines 139-166? How did Shakespeare prepare us in Act I for the friendship of Duke Senior and Orlando?

ACT THIRD

Had Rosalind known of Orlando's departure from home? What besides perplexity does she experience in Scene ii on finding the verses? How is her state of mind evidenced in her replies and commands to Touchstone? Which of Orlando's replies to Jaques would she overhear with most delight? How has she gained courage to accost Orlando (contrast her tone in lines 231-232)? Does Scene iii remind you of anything Touchstone said in Act II, Scene iv? Contrast the tone of the first and last lines in Scene iv; what trait in Rosalind's character is illustrated? In Scene v is Phebe entirely to blame for her treatment of Silvius (see II, iv, 22)? In speaking of his love does Orlando ever use language such as that in lines 99-104? What is the main theme which runs through this Act, in contrast to that of Act II?

ACT FOURTH

In what ways is Rosalind's attitude toward Phebe's pride recalled by her treatment of Jaques' melancholy in Scene i; and of Silvius' submissiveness in Scene iii? On what earlier occasion did Rosalind say of Silvius the same words Celia uses now, *Alas, poor shepherd!* (Scene iii, line 65)? What contrast, then, presents itself between the temperaments of Rosalind and Celia? With this in mind, how do you account for Rosalind's swooning (Scene iii, line 157)? What earlier instances are there of her being at all overcome by her emotions? What do you judge from this scene of Oliver's ability in the use of language (see also Act I, Scene i)? Does Orlando show similar ability—for instance, in Scene i? Is the comparison at

all significant for their difference in temperament? What instances are there, in addition to the one given in this scene, of Orlando's *kindness*?

ACT FIFTH

What takes place *behind the scene* during Scenes i and iii? How has the contrast which was presented between Touchstone and Silvius in Act II, Scene iv been borne out in their respective love affairs? Then what, in addition to his wit, accounts for Touchstone's condemnation of the pages' ditty in Scene iii? Why has Shakespeare not permitted an encounter between Touchstone and Silvius? What two aspects of Touchstone are shown by the reasons he gives in Scene iv for his choice of Audrey? Can the sudden love of Celia and Oliver be at all accounted for from their respective natures? For what reason has Rosalind not sooner revealed her identity to Orlando, and in which of her lines in Scene ii is it suggested? What dramatic purpose is served in Scene iv by the remarks of the Duke and Orlando on Ganymede's looks? Do you judge from this scene that Jaques has profited at all by his association with the Duke?

GLOSSARY

Allottery, allotment, share;
I, i, 77.

Atomies, motes in a sunbeam;
III, ii, 245; III, v, 13.

Bastinado, beating with a
cudgel; V, i, 60.

Batler, a small wooden bat
used in clothes-washing;
II, iv, 49.

Beholding, beholden, obliged;
IV, i, 60.

Bob, hit, jest; II, vii, 55.

Bonny, stalwart; II, iii, 8.

Capon, chicken; II, vii, 154.

Carlot, churl; III, v, 108.

Chanticleer, the cock; II,
vii, 30.

Cicatrice (cicatrix), mark or
scar left after a wound
has healed; III, v, 23.

Conceit, conception, thought;
II, vi, 8; V, ii, 59. In
present common usage,
the meaning is limited to
one's conception of one-
self.

Conned, learnt by heart; III,
ii, 289.

Convertites, converts; V, iv,
190.

Cony, rabbit; III, ii, 357.

Cote, cot, cottage; II, iv, 83;
III, ii, 448; IV, iii, 78.

Counter, a piece of stamped
metal, representing a coin,
used in counting; hence,
a ridiculously small stake
in a playful wager; II,
vii, 63.

Cousin, a near relative; the
sense is wider than in
present usage; I, ii, 163;
I, iii, 44. The word is
used also as a mere com-
plimentary term; II, vii,
173.

Coz, short for cousin; I, ii, 1;
IV, i, 209.

Desert, wild place; II, vi,
19; II, vii, 110; III, ii,
133. The word does not
mean, as frequently in
present common usage,
waste land.

Dole, lamentation; I, ii, 139.

Embossed, swollen; II, vii,
67.

Envious, malicious, spiteful;
the meaning is broader
than in present usage; I,
i, 149; I, ii, 253; II, i, 4.

- Exterminated**, exterminated, ended; III, v, 89.
- Fancy**, **fantasy**, love-fancy, love; II, iv, 31; III, ii, 382; III, v, 29; IV, iii, 102; V, ii, 100; V, iv, 156.
- Favor**, appearance; IV, iii, 87. Cf. *Ill-favored*; V, iv, 60; and *Ill-favoredly*; I, ii, 42.
- Fells**, skins, fleeces; III, ii, 55.
- Graff**, graft; III, ii, 124.
- His**, its; II, vii, 163; III, ii, 138.
- Honest**, frequently means virtuous, chaste; I, ii, 41; III, iii, 26, 28; Cf. *Dishonest*; V, iii, 4; and *Honesty*; III, iii, 30; IV, i, 85; V, iv, 62.
- Hooping**, shouting; III, ii, 203.
- Humor**, mood, state of mind; III, ii, 439. In present common usage the meaning is limited to one particular state of mind. Cf. *Humorous*, full of changing moods; I, ii, 278; II, iii, 8; IV, i, 19.
- Hurtling**, noisy conflict; IV, iii, 132.
- Hyen**, hyena; IV, i, 157.
- Intendment**, intention; I, i, 140.
- Kind** (noun), nature; III, ii, 109; IV, iii, 59. Cf. *Kindly*, pleasant and natural; II, iii, 53; and *Unkind*; II, vii, 175. The meaning of these words is broader than in present common usage.
- Kindled**, brought forth; III, ii, 358. The word is related to *Kind*; see above.
- Liege**, lord; I, ii, 165; I, iii, 66.
- Make**, do; I, i, 31; II, iii, 4.
- Manage**, training, especially of horses; I, i, 13.
- Medlar**, a tree with fruit somewhat like apples; III, ii, 128.
- Mewling**, squalling; II, vii, 144.
- Misprised**, undervalued; I, i, 177; I, ii, 192.
- Moe**, more; used only before a plural; III, ii, 278.
- Pantaloön** (from *Pantaleon*, the patron saint of Venice), the name given to the character of an old dotard who figured in Italian comedy; II, vii, 158.
- Pard**, leopard; II, vii, 150.
- Parlous**, a colloquial form of "perilous"; III, ii, 45.

- Parts**, qualities; I, ii, 261; II, ii, 13; III, ii, 155.
- Perpend**, ponder; III, ii, 69.
- Phoenix**, a fabulous bird which was the sole representative of its kind, and which was reincarnated from its own ashes once in 500 years; IV, iii, 17.
- Point-device**, finically neat; III, ii, 402.
- Poke**, pocket; II, vii, 20.
- Practise** (verb), plot; I, i, 156.
- Practices** (noun), plots; II, iii, 26.
- Priser**, prize-fighter; II, iii, 8.
- Proper**, comely; I, ii, 129; III, v, 51, 55, 115.
- Puisny**, inferior, unskilled; III, iv, 46.
- Purlieus**, open grounds at the edge of a forest; IV, iii, 77. In present usage the word means precincts in general.
- Question**, conversation; III, iv, 38; V, iv, 167. Cf. *Unquestionable*; III, ii, 393 (see note).
- Quintain**, a wooden figure of a man, used for tilting at in country sports; I, ii, 263.
- Quotidian**, a fever with daily recurring paroxysms; it was often regarded as a symptom of love; III, ii, 383.
- Rank**, gross, of coarse growth; II, vii, 46. Cf. *Ranker*; IV, i, 85; and *Rankness*; I, i, 91.
- Recountments**, things recounted, narratives; IV, iii, 141.
- Right**, downright, exact; III, ii, 103, 127, 290.
- Roynish**, unruly; II, ii, 8.
- Sad**, serious; III, ii, 156, 226.
- Sans**, without; II, vii, 166.
- Se'nnight**, seven-night, a week; III, ii, 333.
- Simples**, medicinal herbs; IV, i, 16.
- Smother**, thick smoke; I, ii, 299.
- Spleen**, caprice; IV, i, 217.
- Stanzo** (from the Italian), stanza; II, v, 18. The word was new in Shakespeare's time; hence Jaques' question.
- Still**, very frequently means always, constantly; I, ii, 238; I, iii, 75; III, ii, 54, 409.
- Swashing**, swaggering, blustering; I, iii, 122.
- Tapster**, a person employed in a tavern to tap, i. e., to draw, and vend liquor; III, iv, 34.
- Tax** (verb), accuse of faults,

satirize; II, vii, 71. Cf. the substantives *Taxing*; II, vii, 86; and *Taxation*; I, ii, 91. In present common usage the meaning is limited to "accuse," as in III, ii, 368.

Thrasonical, boastful (from Thraso, a braggart in ancient comedy); V, ii, 34.

Umber, a brown earthy sub-

stance used for coloring; I, iii, 114.

Videlicet (Latin), "that is"; IV, i, 97. The contracted form, *viz.*, is common in present usage.

Withal, an emphatic form of with; III, ii, 328, 330; with this, therewith; I, i, 139; I, ii, 29; besides; II, vii, 48.





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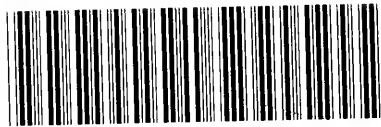
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